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ART. I.—ROBINSON'S LATER BIBLICAL RESEARCHES.*

Books about Palestine may be separated into five principal classes. First, and most numerous, are those which merely record the achievement of a journey in that land, the "labors, dangers, and sufferings" of the adventurous voyager, the details of his outfit, and the perils of his route, — expanded and illustrated narratives of the way in which the Holy Land was *done*. These books are the natural and decent result of such a journey, are duly praised by the veracious notices of the newspapers, are read by a circle of wondering friends, and then pass into oblivion. We refrain from mentioning by name any conspicuous specimens of this class, following in this respect the course of Dr. Robinson, who has omitted them from his list of *valuable* works. The annual production, however, increases, both in England and America. Almost every trade-sale has to get rid of

* *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and in the Adjacent Regions. A Journal of Travels in the Year 1852.* By E. ROBINSON, E. SMITH, and others. Drawn up from the original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations. By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. With new Maps and Plates. Boston : Crocker and Brewster. 1856. 8vo. pp. 694.

the balance of an edition. As new poets must publish, heedless of the probable fate of all new poetry, so travellers in Palestine must learn by the experience of print how little the public care for their expensive adventures.

A second class of books about Palestine are those which try to give us the aspect and the spirit of the land as it is to-day,—the “face of the Orient,” to use the rather pompous phrase which is now so common. These books are pictures of life and scenery,—desert life, village life, convent life,—Bedouin and peasant and janizary,—ploughing on the plain, and vineyards on the hills,—beauty over against desolation, tranquillity saddened by ruin, olive-groves contrasted with naked yellow rocks, flowery Carmel wet by snowy Hermon,—the equal loveliness and misery of the land which God’s sun still shines on, but which God’s grace has forsaken. In these books religious sentiment is not very prominent, and the Scriptural associations of the land seem evidently wearisome rather than exciting to the writers. Sharon gains nothing by its connection with Solomon, nor Jericho as the scene of the wars of Joshua. This indifference to the Scriptural interest of the land is compensated by the charming fancy which idealizes and glorifies what would otherwise be the commonplaces of life to-day in Palestine. The Syrian land as it is, is seen best through the tinted glass of such itinerants as Kinglake and Curtis. If we were to direct a friend to the best pictures of Palestine, the best description of its real appearance and impression, we should send him to Eothen and to the Howadji in Syria.

A third class of books about Palestine, which partake in some degree of the characteristics of the last class, but have also a marked and ruling motive of their own, are the stories of “pilgrimage.” To this class belong the larger portion of the ancient itineraries, and the modern works which are most celebrated and popular. Some of them are works of Jews, some of Catholics, some of Protestants; but in all, the leading purpose is to describe the shrines which have been visited, and to awaken a kindred religious enthusiasm. The emotion and the glow are chiefly joined to the memorials of the Church, the Saviour, or the people of God. In these works there are many mistakes, many exaggerations,

and many omissions of what one would like to know; but in the main they tell what is most important, and what gives to the land its highest glory. The credulous conjectures and the absurd traditions which are inlaid in their narrative cannot hinder the sympathy with which readers follow them. The excess of reverence makes up for the lack of accuracy. We are afraid that the majority of readers will continue to trust to Lamartine rather than to Robinson for their knowledge of the Holy Land. We confess the fascination to us of Chateaubriand's pages, though they have no scientific value. And we have heard the regret more than once expressed, that Stanley, in his recent admirable work, did not give more of his own pilgrim reflections, even with the loss of his criticisms and discussions. Travels in Palestine which are wholly destitute of the pilgrim spirit must have extraordinary merit in other respects to be even tolerable. The itinerary of an atheist, or a sceptic, or an unbelieving rationalist, in that land, whatever its literary or logical ability, will have less favor among men than the legends recited by that most credulous of all pilgrims, Sir John Mandeville.

To a fourth class belong travels which are undertaken and published for some special artistic or practical end, either to illustrate localities, or to trace analogies, or to identify the customs of the present with the customs of the past. Such, for instance, are the works of Bartlett, who describes what he saw mainly to explain the sketches of his pencil, whose text is but the help and the framework of his engravings. Such is the recent volume of Professor Hackett, who mentions only those things which seem to him to throw light upon passages of Scripture. This class is small, but is likely to increase, as interest in the practical affairs of the Holy Land is awakened. We have noticed in some Jewish periodicals accounts of Palestine which seem to have been written for the purpose of discouraging emigration to that region. Perhaps one of the next works that shall appear will be the demonstration of the valley of the Jordan as a suitable track for the railroad between England and India. As books of travel, of course, works of this kind will always be imperfect, however valuable.

The remaining class, which is almost entirely the

product of the present century, and, indeed, of the last twenty years, is made up of books about Palestine which have chiefly a scientific design,—to establish some historical theory, to settle some disputed point, or to supply some department of general science; geological tours, like that of Russegger and Anderson; reports of special expeditions, like that of Lynch; journeys undertaken to identify sites, like that of Tobler to Jerusalem; and all works, the main features of which are investigations, measurements, and discussions, which tell what the timepiece and the barometer, the foot-rule and the compass, have established concerning the sacred mountains, the sacred plains, and the sacred cities. These are the works most prized, but least read; which ought to be in all good libraries, but circulate through very few hands. In some instances, as in Williams's "Holy City," their controversial sharpness of tone gives them a sort of attraction which a bare statement of facts would lack; and in others, as in the case of De Saulcy's exploration around the Dead Sea, their bold conjectures make us curious to see what will come next. Yet to most readers the scientific itineraries of Palestine are dull, in spite of the sacred names and important facts which decorate their pages. They remain works of reference, and are set by the side of dictionaries and encyclopaedias, even when their form is so convenient for handling, as Mr. Porter's volumes about the Hauran and the Damascus Plain.

In this last class the work of Dr. Robinson stands by general confession first, not only of works in the English tongue, but also in any tongue. No other traveller has done so much for the geography, the topography, and the antiquities of the Holy Land, in determining facts, and in separating truth from error. He is the highest authority, and on most points an undisputed authority. His work is not only a convenient storehouse from which travellers of the first class may draw to eke out their scanty notes, but a thesaurus for great geographical works, such as that of Ritter. Its appearance marked an epoch in the knowledge of the Holy Land, as much as the theory of Copernicus in astronomy, or the invention of Fulton in navigation. Its singular fulness, its exact method, and the calm sagacity with which

all its propositions were announced and defended, secured for it an instant and universal deference, the more remarkable, if we consider its novelties of opinion, and its bold iconoclasm. Niebuhr's criticisms upon the legends of ancient Rome were not more startling than Robinson's criticisms upon the shrines of Palestine. Sites which pilgrim feet had sought for ages became profane as this keen-eyed observer passed. All the raptures that poets had expended suddenly collapsed as the knife of this analyst pierced their tradition. Names which had been so long joined to sacred scenes that they seemed to have almost the authority of Scripture, lost their identity and their charm. The one redeeming feature in the extravagances of Easter week in Jerusalem, that they were excess of reverence for the tomb of Christ, faded at once; hills which had been the places of miracle, and grottos which had been the abodes of prophecy, became only common hills and caverns. The Holy Land seemed to be despoiled while it was described, and a new desolation to have passed upon it as fatal as that of Assyrian armies. The first impression of Robinson's Biblical Researches was like that of Strauss's Life of Jesus. The one seemed to do for the land of the Saviour what the other did for the Saviour's story. In each the scientific and constructive purpose was accompanied by the same destructive result. And when we had lost Tabor and Calvary, it seemed natural and easy that we should lose the transfiguration and the crucifixion. Of course, this impression of destruction, in the case of Robinson's volumes, was only a first impression. His spirit as an investigator is very different from the spirit of Strauss.

It is remarkable, that, in all the opposition which the views of Robinson about the Holy Land have provoked, so few of his points should have been fairly met, and so few of his reasonings refuted. Some of the doubts which were started at first have since subsided, and most of the opinions have been adopted or acquiesced in. The inquiries of subsequent travellers have tended in most instances to confirm his decisions, and in nearly every instance to justify his criticism. His conjectures, like Mr. Collier's new readings of Shakespeare, seem in most cases preferable to the existing tradition. In a few

important particulars, however, the opposition to his views seemed to have more weight. And it was chiefly to re-examine these disputed points, and weigh on the spot the arguments which had been brought forward, that this second journey (of which the volume before us is the fruit) was undertaken. In his first chapter Dr. Robinson modestly suggests the deficiencies of his former work, as an additional reason for going over the ground anew. But that reason will have more force to himself than to his readers. The only noticeable deficiency of the previous journey was that it did not mention every town and village, every hill and stream,—that it left some recesses of the land unvisited. It was only the deficiency which belongs to a book of travels in Italy which leaves out Calabria, or of travels in Egypt which does not include the Lybian Desert. Such a deficiency is much more marked in the present volume, since here we have a circle of travel in Northern Syria which reaches only to a portion of the sites and monuments of that famous historical region. While this volume closes the Biblical Researches of the author in Palestine, it seems to commence a wider range of investigation in the lands which the Orontes fertilizes, and which hold the memories of Phœnician, Assyrian, and Grecian power. A visit to Damascus would seem to impose on an investigator like Dr. Robinson the duty of examining Palmyra; and the road to Nineveh is naturally open to one who discourses so learnedly on the stones of Baalbec. We may be allowed to regret, therefore, that Dr. Robinson's researches in Northern Syria ended so soon, and that he did not mark the ways and determine the sites of that comparatively unvisited region farther than he has done. Immense difficulties, indeed are in the way of such an exploration. But its credit and its value would be proportionably greater.

This supplementary volume of Biblical Researches is published in connection with a new edition of the previous work, of which the three volumes are by compression and the use of smaller type here condensed into two. Nothing of any importance has been omitted. Though a considerable portion of the country previously visited is described in the new volume, yet the routes have been so varied that most of the present

narrative is new. The first journey included the desert, the Sinaitic peninsula, and the land of Idumæa, which are quite beyond the limit of the second. The route through Palestine in 1838 was direct from Jerusalem to Beirut, varying but little from the common track of travel. The route in 1852 touches the usual route of travel only at three or four points, and opens parts of the land rarely traversed by Europeans. It passes within sight of famous towns without stopping to notice them, and it seeks out sites of which the very names have a novel sound. In general, the new route is far less interesting than the old, and it must have required some firmness to avoid occasional divergences. We are surprised that Mount Carmel should have been passed a second time without examination, and that a few hours should not have been spared for Tiberias, which has undergone important changes since 1838, when it was in ruins from the recent earthquake. How could one go twice so near to Nazareth without being drawn to greet the monks of its convent, and to ascend again the hill of Nebi Ismail, and revive the sacred memories of that marvellous prospect?

The second journey partly reversed the direction of the first, commencing at the point where the first journey terminated. On the second day of March, 1852, Dr. Robinson reached Beirut. Various circumstances prevented him from immediately setting out upon his journey, and more than a month passed before his preparations were completed. He was not idle in the interval, but employed his time in excursions to various sites in the neighboring region of the Lebanon, and in observations upon the changes that had come in fourteen years in the chief port of Syria. The convention of Syrian missionaries, which takes place annually in the month of March, gave to his stay additional interest. And the first chapter, which is a record of what to him was an annoying detention, is really as agreeable and instructive as any in his book. It was an affecting surprise to meet in that convention five of his former pupils, one half the number of the ordained missionaries. Of the results of the mission thus far, Dr. Robinson speaks with candor and moderation. One striking sign of progress which he mentions is the foundation of a native

"Society of Arts and Sciences" at Beirut. This is a regular Arab Lyceum, with lectures, discussions, and papers on various scientific and literary subjects at semi-monthly meetings. It is chiefly composed of young men, some of whom have been pupils of the missionaries, while others are strictly self-educated. The speaking at the meetings which Dr. Robinson attended would compare favorably, he thinks, with the speaking in similar societies in London and New York. The library of the association, besides its large and valuable collection of Arabic and Turkish manuscripts, has a considerable number of printed books. The contrast between the romantic tales of the cafés and the debates of this club is rather curious. Think of disputing under Saracenic arches the question, "Are all men capable of civilization?"

Dr. Robinson gives a pleasant account of his visit to Abeih, and the examination of the mission seminary which he attended. The number of pupils in this seminary is not so great as might be wished, and the staff of instruction seems disproportionately large. Two native teachers assist Mr. Calhoun in the instruction of *nineteen* boys. But the teaching seems to be thorough, and the answers were prompt and accurate. Great things are expected to come from this school, both in civilizing and Christianizing the men of the Lebanon mountains. Thus far, pupils from the Maronites have been few, and from the Catholics and Greeks not many. Druses wait on the Christian teaching, but are not easily converted. We expect quite as much good from the growth of Beirut as a commercial port, as from the labors in the mission schools. The great achievement of translating the Bible into Arabic, which has occupied Dr. Smith these many years, is worthy of all praise. But we have more confidence in the general acquaintance with Franks which grows up through traffic and travel, than in any such special effort. This new translation will rather be a monument of literary industry than a work of great practical value.

On the fifth day of April, Dr. Robinson fairly started on his journey. His companion for the trip through Palestine was Rev. Dr. Eli Smith, who accompanied him in 1838. Large experience of travel, and acquaint-

ance with the language, people, and, to some extent, with the route, made it unnecessary for them to burden themselves with many encumbrances. Twelve days were occupied in the journey to Akka, including the Sunday, on which day it was uniformly their custom to rest. The usual route was followed as far as Sidon, where the hospitalities of Dr. Thomson (which so many gratefully remember) were heartily enjoyed. From this point they turned eastward, over the slopes and through the gorges, as far as Rûm, a Christian village on the peak of one of the mountains. From this point their way went southward in zigzag movement, almost wholly over precipitous hills. Some entertaining accounts are given of the life of the mountaineers, of extraordinary landscapes, and remarkable ruins of castles of the Byzantine and the Saracen ages. In one or two instances, discoveries of Scriptural sites seem to have been made as the Ramah of Asher and the Ramah of Naphthali. At Kefi Birim and Merion, interesting Jewish remains were examined, the origin of which is not decided. But this first portion of his journey has less to interest most readers than any part of the narrative. It is singular that Dr. Robinson should hear in the mountains of Lebanon, for "the first time in his life," the cry of the jackal; a nightly cry which wearies the ears of most travellers in the desert and the plains of the Holy Land.

The stay of the party at Akka was short, but long enough to enable Dr. Robinson to unite with his historical sketch a graphic description of Akka as it is. Like every visitor who brings to it the impression of the great events of which it has been the theatre, he was disappointed in the extent of so famous a city. This is a feeling which comes in the first view of several of the Eastern cities, particularly in the first view of Jerusalem. Their area seems far too limited for their historical fame. Akka is nevertheless a considerable town, important as the residence of a Pacha, and as the most strongly fortified place in Syria. Its commerce is increasing, the flags of many nations fly in its roadstead, and it pays a large tax to the Turkish rulers. It contains a Jewish synagogue, a church of each of the four leading Christian sects, and six Moslem mosques. The family of the American Consul, though native Syrians, are all Prot-

estants. In the Appendix is given a full list of the statistics of the province of Akka, carefully prepared by this gentleman. The real port of Akka is the town of Haifer, at the head of the bay.

The second stage of the journey, ten days in length, was by a route which no previous travellers, so far as we can remember, have followed. The general direction was along the western side of the mountains, about midway between the coast and the usual route of travel, diverging only to visit Cana and Nablous. Here his observations are interesting and important. He is able to fix the site of Jotapata, one of the cities of Josephus, on a hill in Northern Galilee, and to verify the site of Cana, which he had before elaborately argued. This is one of the subjects on which his opinion has been warmly disputed. A short note disposes of the adverse argument, and turns back upon De Saulcy his own reproach. Crossing the plain of Esdraelon, opposite the ridge of Carmel, he ventured to pass entirely without arms through the mountain district of Samaria, which has so bad a fame for robbers, fanatics, and assassins. His reception was kindly. The bigoted Moslems came to his tent, conversed with him without reserve, gave him information about taxes and customs, were ready with their attentions, lending their water-jars, giving their wood, and refusing to *sell* their bread, and seemed altogether far more amiable than Dr. Prime and his party found them a few months later. The district of Nablous, if more turbulent and troublesome than the other districts of Palestine, has certainly some excellent peculiarities. The land is in freehold, the taxes are poll-taxes, and the people have more self-respect than the servile races of Judaea. Jews are fewer here, even as mechanics, while in the cities of Judaea and Galilee they have almost the whole of the mechanical trades. It is a striking fact, that in only a single instance are any Jews known, within the limits of Palestine, to be engaged in agriculture. In the Druse village of Bukeia, in the Southern Lebanon, are a little remnant, about twenty persons in all, who till the ground like the Fellahs. This circumstance has given rise to the conjecture, which seems to Dr. Robinson not improbable, that they are the only remnant of the ancient race which continue to dwell on and cultivate the acres of their fathers.

In the neighborhood of Hableh, a village near the site of the ancient Antipatris, Dr. Robinson found an ancient wine-press, the "first that he had ever seen. Advantage had been taken of a ledge of rock; on the upper side towards the south, a shallow vat had been dug out, eight feet square, and fifteen inches deep, its bottom declining slightly towards the north. The thickness of rock left on the north was one foot; and two feet lower down on that side, another smaller vat was excavated, four feet square by three feet deep. The grapes were trodden in the shallow upper vat, and the juice drawn off by a hole at the bottom (still remaining) into the lower vat. This ancient press would seem to prove that the adjacent hills were once covered with vineyards; and such is its state of preservation, that, were there still grapes in the vicinity, it might at once be brought into use without repair. I would have given much to have been able to transport this ancient relic *in naturâ* to London or New York."

Dr. Robinson's decision concerning the site of Emmaus will be satisfactory to devout travellers, who, in passing up from Ramleh to Jerusalem, have stopped to rest before the ruins on the hill of Amwas, and have imagined that beside that still living fountain Jesus might have met his disciples after his resurrection, and explained to them the teachings of Moses and the prophets. He advises, nevertheless, very justly, that travellers should take a more northern route from Jaffa to Jerusalem than the usual route. Apart from the difficulties of the usual road, there are few points of interest after leaving Ramleh; while a slight circuit northward would enable one to pass near to Lydda, Gimso, Lower and Upper Bethhoron, and Gibeon, and see Ramah and Gibeah close at hand on the left. The first view of Jerusalem from the west is tame and unsatisfactory. But the first view from the hill of Scopas on the north is very fine and commanding. All along the northern route there are noble prospects, Scriptural associations, and a comparatively easy road-way; while the southern route is equally hard and desolate, relieved only by two or three half-ruined villages, and a few fountains.

Dr. Robinson devotes two sections of his volume, one hundred pages, to the city of Jerusalem. In the first,

he relates his new observations and impressions, and in the second, he discusses the questions of topography and antiquities, particularly on those points where his former opinions have been disputed. These chapters will be read with great interest. They mention the signs of progress in the Holy City, the establishment of schools, hospitals, Protestant churches, the circulation of money, the restoration of ruined houses, the increased activity in the streets, the number of foreign residents, the hotels,—the numerous marks of improvement according to the Saxon notion of improvement, which after an interval of fourteen years it was very pleasant to witness. But a few pages finish all that Dr. Robinson has to say about the present and future of Jerusalem. He enters at once upon the narrative of his antiquarian walks and measurements. Many of these are repeated from the measurements of the first visit, with very slight variations. The most important of the new investigations are those made in the Bazaar, where the fragments of columns which were discovered by Schultz in 1848 are examined and described.

The new explorations of Dr. Robinson, both within and around the city, seem to have been very thorough. He had but seven working days, and they were seven days of busy work. In one or two instances he found reason to correct some previous opinions. The length of the subterranean channel from the fountain to the pool of Siloam, according to his former measurement, he considers now to be too great. The suggestions in regard to the aqueducts are slightly modified. But in all important particulars, the second visit to Jerusalem only confirms the views of the first. We have not space here to give even a synopsis of the arguments by which Dr. Robinson meets the objections of his assailants. Four points he regards as virtually admitted: 1st, that the ancient Zion was the southwest hill of the city, and had its northern limit near the street leading eastward from the Jaffa Gate; 2d, that the present site of the mosque of Omar is the hill of Moriah, and the ancient site of the temple; 3d, that the ancient tower by the Jaffa Gate is the tower Hippicus, mentioned by Josephus; and 4th, that the ruins near the Damascus Gate belong to an ancient gate-way of the second Jewish wall.

These fundamental admissions are of great value in the discussions which follow. The maxim which he uses in these discussions is, that "the best way to preach down error is to preach the truth." Nine subjects are briefly considered: 1st, the position of Mount Akra, and the course of the Tyropœon; 2d, the position of Mount Bezetha; 3d, the place of "the Gate Gennath," from which the second wall started; 4th, the course of the second wall; 5th, the southern portion of the Haram Area; 6th, the extent of the fortress Antonia; 7th, the "waters" of Jerusalem; 8th, the sepulchres in the vicinity; and 9th, "the Holy Sepulchre." On the *first three* of these topics there is little dispute, and not much room for argument. The *fourth* is important only as it is connected with the *last*. Dr. Robinson's view on that point would probably not have been questioned, if the wall according to his marking had not included the site of the present church, and so taken away the genuineness of the shrine. The *fifth* point is interesting from its connection with the ancient fragment of an arch which bears the name of "Robinson's Bridge," which he supposed to be a fragment of the bridge from the temple to Mount Zion. The *sixth* point, which is the most elaborately argued, has been contested most sharply by several writers, among others Mr. Catherwood. On the *seventh* point, some new information has come to light since the publication of the former volumes, and the discoveries of Mr. Wolcott and Dr. Barclay are related. Under the *eighth* head Dr. Robinson repeats his reasons for believing the monument called the "Tombs of the Kings" to be the mausoleum of Helena, queen of Adiabene. An excellent diagram is also furnished of the curious cavern on Mount Olivet, called "the Tombs of the Prophets," which Dr. Robinson decides to be a misnomer. Lastly, he subjoins new evidence to that previously given, that the site of "the Holy Sepulchre" is not the site of Calvary, or the burial-place of Jesus.

Dr. Robinson's arguments on all these points seem to us to be equally candid and unanswerable. Only confirmed prejudice can refuse to admit their force. We are aware that American engineers have contended against his outline of the second wall, as contrary to the rules of military construction; but we have to remem-

ber that the science of engineering now is a different thing from the method of engineering eighteen centuries ago. The position of the second wall, if decided according to the modern science of warfare, would leave outside of the city more than half of the area of Mount Akra. Against the numerous proofs of Robinson's theory, this consideration is of no weight.

Fully to consider the question of "the Holy Sepulchre" would require a separate article. To Protestants it is rather a question of curiosity than of real moment. It is perhaps to be regretted, that, in proving a negative so well, Dr. Robinson has not at least suggested a positive opinion,—offered some conjecture as to the real site of Calvary and the new tomb of Joseph more definite than the remark that they may have been upon "some of the roads leading to Joppa or Damascus." But it is contrary to the scientific purpose of his work to venture theories unless he has good arguments to sustain them. It is probable that in the forthcoming work of Dr. Barclay, whose long residence in Jerusalem, and whose careful examination of its localities entitle him to a respectful hearing, a new theory of the place of Calvary will be proposed. It is as certain as anything about the Holy Land can be, that the existing tradition is not true. It dates no farther back than the fourth century; all the topography is against it; history does not favor it more than it favors many other traditions now admitted to be false; and the archæological authority for it, when closely examined, is seen to have no force.

The parallel case of the spot of Stephen's martyrdom shows the uncertainty of ecclesiastical tradition. For more than a thousand years the scene of that event was held to be just outside of the present Damascus gate. There stood the great church which the Empress Eudocia, in the middle of the fifth century, erected, and thither the feet of pilgrims were turned from one generation to another. Yet now, as for three hundred years past, the place of Stephen's death is assigned to the *eastern side* of the city, and the gate which opens towards the Mount of Olives bears that martyr's name. No monk, Greek or Latin, will admit that any other place has ever been fixed for that event. Dr. Williams, whose principle it is *to believe in all tradition*, remarks,

in the first edition of his book, the “*unhappy*” and “*provoking*” circumstance of this change in the shrine of St. Stephen. Dr. Robinson, more wisely, makes this an additional reason for his thesis, “that all ecclesiastical tradition respecting the ancient places in and around Jerusalem, and throughout Palestine, is of *no value*, except so far as it is supported by circumstances known from the Scriptures, or from other contemporary testimony.” The only exception that we should add would be *the Jewish tradition*, to which we attach more weight than to any monkish legend. Every recent visitor to Jerusalem has had his attention called to the three great mounds of ashes just northwest from the Damascus Gate. The conjecture which was started in Germany a few years ago, that these mounds were the ashes of the sacrifices in the Jewish temple, has received some confirmation from a chemical analysis by Liebig, which has decided them to be of *animal* origin, and from the discovery of small pieces of bone among them. Dr. Robinson regards them as merely ashes from the soap-works of the city. He offers, however, no proof, but only the *probability*, that before the building of the third wall the ashes would not have been carried so far away. This is one of the few cases where his decision seems to us to be hasty and unsatisfactory.

During his stay at Jerusalem, Dr. Robinson made two excursions. The first, an excursion of some six or seven hours over the hills southwest of the city, was made for the purpose of identifying the supposed site of Bether, the scene of the final defeat of the Jews by the Romans, which Dr. Edersheim in his recent history so graphically describes. The investigation was not favorable to the genuineness of the reputed place. Neither the situation nor the ruins seemed to correspond to the accounts in the Talmud of the size and extent of the city. The chief arguments for it are the similarity of the name, Bittir, and the distance from Jerusalem; but these are deemed inconclusive. On the other hand, Dr. Robinson starts the inquiry whether *Bethel* may not have been the real place. The change of name is in only a single letter, and the site is in other respects very suitable.

The other excursion, to Halhul and Hebron, occupied two days. The principal scientific result of the journey

was in the identification of the sites of Bethzur and Bethzacharia. The Moslems of Judæa were found to be as surly and inhospitable as on the previous visit, in spite of the civilizing influences which American and German missionaries have introduced in their neighborhood. Dr. Robinson's hope of the probable success of American agriculture among the Jews of Palestine is not sanguine. The experiment in the neighborhood of Bethlehem most signally failed, though the company was numerous and zealous enough, and had the advantage of Mr. Meshullam's advice and money. Mr. Meshullam is noted as an ardent proselyte, a skilful agriculturist, and a most ingenious artist in mother-of-pearl ornaments. His vegetables, his breastpins, and his faith are equally remarkable. Unquestionably he is the most enlightened man in the region; but he has, with all his experiments, an eye to the main chance, and makes money where others fail. And in general it is true, that all cases of conversion among the Jews of Palestine have proved (to use Meshullam's word) "remunerative." His last experiment is that of planting *sea-island cotton* on the hill-side southwest of Bethlehem.

On the 10th of May, the party left Jerusalem on their northward journey. Their route to Nablous was a few miles to the east of that usually travelled, through a wild and almost unexplored region, inhabited by tribes of exceedingly bad fame. The mountains on this route are shunned, as the home of marauders and cutthroats. Quite other was the impression of our travellers. They found in this unvisited tract a good soil, a good culture, and a courteous people,—gardens of onions, fields of wheat, and groves of olive,—mandrakes, partridges, plenty of sheep and goats, and military officers taking the census, and taking bribes of course. The only important site determined was that of Acrabi, near Nablous, a city which Eusebius and Jerome mention. Two days from Nablous eastward brought them to the bank of the Jordan, through a country but little known, yet rich in Scriptural associations. Ænon and Salim, where John baptized, ought to be here, but they were not found. Tirzah, the city of a king of Canaan; Archelais, founded by a son of Herod; Thebes, where Abimelech had his skull broken by the stone which a woman threw; Suc-

coth, to which Jacob journeyed with his family and flock, — were all seen, examined, and probably identified. The luxuriant vegetation of this region was like that of the plains of Galilee. Thorns and thistles were mingled with oats and daisies, and the fountain El Beida was like Zion in Isaiah's song, "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." An encampment beside a tribe of the people, who had come up to their harvest, illustrated at once the primitive habits and the kindly spirit of these misrepresented villagers. The courtesy of the people to their Frank visitors did not, nevertheless, prevent Dr. Robinson from noticing their intestine feuds and divisions, which are nowhere in Palestine more bitter than in the more fertile regions.

The most exciting, if not the most fatiguing, day of this second journey, was that which was given to an excursion across the Jordan and over the hills of Perea. The chief object of the excursion was to find and fix the site of the "long-lost and long-sought Pella," the most important in profane and ecclesiastical history of all the cities of the Decapolis. The successful accomplishment of this alone more than repaid the fatigue of a twelve hours' ride. But besides this, they were able to identify the site of Jabesh-Gilead, memorable in the wars of the Judges and of Saul. The crossing of the Jordan, at either ford, proved difficult, but not dangerous. The song of the nightingale was heard in the valley, and the oaks of Bashan were remarked upon the hills. The Arabs east of the Jordan are usually considered to be ferocious; but Dr. Robinson found them rather shy, and not at all disposed to make trouble.

A Sunday passed at Beisan, the site of the Bethshan of the Hebrews and the Scythopolis of the Greeks, gives occasion for an historical sketch of that city, and a description of the ruins around it, to contrast its present desolation with its former prosperity, and the Egyptian village of to-day with the ancient monasteries which continued there for ages. As at Jericho, so at Beisan, the palm-trees have disappeared, and there is no more of that sacred weaving which belonged to the old convent life of Palestine.

The eighth section of the volume covers eight days of travels from Beisan to Hasbeiya, at the foot of Mount

Hermon. In these, several interesting questions are discussed, especially the question concerning the plain of Gennesaret, and the probable sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida. A second examination enables Dr. Robinson more forcibly to reaffirm his former opinion concerning the first of these cities. In regard to Chorazin, the site of which he had before considered uncertain, he now decides that it was on that spot, at the northern extremity of the lake, where Capernaum had been located by common tradition. Bethsaida he fixes at a point about intermediate between the two other cities, where there are still massive Roman remains. In thus fixing the sites of Chorazin and Bethsaida, he has altered the opinion which he before expressed, that they were probably on the shore of the lake, *south* of Capernaum.

No part of the Holy Land offers at once so remarkable a succession of striking scenery, and so fruitful a field for historical conjecture, as the region which encloses the sources of the Jordan. Black volcanic rocks over against the eternal snows of lofty Hermon,—reedy marshes, in which wild beasts lurk, and over which wild-fowl hover,—thickets of oleander, luxuriant as orange-groves,—pastures, dotted in the spring with the canvas tents of the Turkish soldiers, and grain-fields, bordered in the time of harvest by the black villages of the Arabs,—terraced crags, from which the vineyards hang, and long slopes which oak forests belt and darken,—great fountains, bursting instant from the rock into powerful rivers,—caverns, which equally invite and repel scrutiny,—ruins of ancient cities on the frequent mounds, which carry one back to the days of the Amorites and Hivites,—huge castles, which rival and surpass the famous fortresses of Europe,—the mingling of many races, Bedouins and Metawileh and Druses and Maronites and Jews and Protestants, each with costume and customs and worship separate from the other,—the sublime, the beautiful, the grotesque,—crowded Scriptural and historic associations, with a redundant and teeming fulness of real and present life,—all make a day's ride in that region memorable in a traveller's experience. Dr. Robinson's style seems to take on a new vivacity as he describes this charming and suggestive tract of Pales-

tine. He stops to notice the eagle soaring above the gorges,—the magnificent red oak, “the branches of which were full of bird’s-nests;”—the old fig-trees and the stumps of palm,—the bees upon the “ever-flowering” plain,—mills almost buried under the creeping vines and the masses of foliage,—“conies” coming out from their holes in the rock,—fish “crowding” the waters, and hairless buffaloes; so that his description is exciting as that of a sentimental tourist. The account of that four days’ excursion from Hasbeiya to Banias and the Lake Phiala is a succession of pictures.

The Lake Phiala, until recently, has been almost unknown to travellers. It is in many respects curious,—in its position, its surroundings, the nature of its formation, and the stories attached to it. It lies in the mountains about two hours east of Banias, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi. Its basin is an extinct crater, of an oval form, about two hundred feet below the surrounding tract, and about a mile in width. Seen at a distance, its waters seem bright and clear, but are found, on approaching, to be impure and slimy. The wild ducks remind one of Maryland rivers, but frogs and leeches do most abound in the waters. The leeches are gathered “by men wading in and letting the leeches fasten themselves upon their legs.” The lake is “the paradise of frogs,” which Dr. Robinson saw drawn up by myriads, as in battle array, along the margin. From his visit to this lake he is able emphatically to negative the popular legend that its waters feed the great fountain at Banias, and so supply the Jordan. Not only is the different color of the stream decisive, but the supply of such a fountain would draw the lake dry in a single day.

Banias and the neighboring castle have been often described, and Dr. Robinson does not attempt to give more than a condensed account of their history and present condition. He fixes, like most recent investigators, at “Tell el Kady,” the central fountain of the Jordan, the site of the Hebrew city Dan, which was once fixed at Banias. At Kulat Bastra, a place at the foot of Mount Hermon, he found a riddle in the ruins, which he was not able to solve. They are not Jewish or Christian or Moslem remains, and are too numerous to have belonged to a Druse place of worship. He conjectures that this

may have been one of the "high places" consecrated by the Phœnicians to the worship of their Baalim. The account of the several fountains of the Jordan is exceedingly interesting. No peculiarity of these remarkable fountains seems to have been left unnoticed. Four streams unite above the lake Huleh to form the sacred river. The longest is that which begins at the fountain of Hasbeiya, and breaks into cascades along the gorges for many miles before it unites with the rest. The strongest is that which bursts out at Tell el Kady, a river at its very beginning. The most beautiful is that which comes westward from Banias,—the only limpid stream of the group. The most perplexing to travellers is that which traverses the plain from the western hills, and forbids an easy crossing. The united waters of these four sources give to the Jordan nearly all its volume. For some time after meeting, the waters do not mingle, but can be distinguished along the banks by their different color.

Hasbeiya is a town almost unrivalled for beauty of situation, prominent in the history of the mountain tribes of Syria,—noted long as the chief seat of Druse worship, and becoming attractive now as a station of the American Protestant Mission. Its population is numbered by thousands. Its houses, though infested by swallows, are comparatively clean and comfortable. It has the pretence of splendor in the Emir's palace, and it has the tradition of sanctity in the deserted Khulweh. On the weekly "fair" day there is brisk traffic, and at the time of the vintage all hands are busy in preparing the "Dibs," or sirup, which is the substitute for wine. Luxuriant fields of white-clover instance the fertility of the soil, and the bitumen pits which have been worked for ages are a perennial source of wealth. It is the half-way station on the road from Beirut to Damascus.

At Hasbeiya, Dr. Robinson parted with Dr. Smith, and took in exchange as a companion the Rev. Mr. Robinson, and for a part of the way the Rev. Dr. Thomson of Sidon. Three weeks were spent in a journey to Damascus, along the western slope of Antilibanus to Baalbek and Riblah, and through the Lebanon from Kalat el Hasn, by way of the Cedars, to Beirut. The routes followed were different from those usually taken, toil-

some, and not free from danger. But though reports of robbers were along the way, and the summer heats were at their height, and the road was several times lost, the party escaped without accident or serious inconvenience. The observations of Dr. Robinson in this part of his journey are exceedingly valuable, confirming, as they do, some of the opinions of Mr. Porter in his recent work on Damascus, and correcting some of the errors of Churchill in his work on the Lebanon. The sketch of Damascus is an enthusiastic episode, proving that even the sober investigator could not resist the fascinations of that strange Oriental city. The account of Baalbek is the best, on the whole, that we have ever read,—the most likely to give an accurate idea of those extraordinary remains. The diagram of the temples is a great aid in understanding their size and arrangement. The "Cedars," and the region around them, are described in a masterly manner. In the conflicting accounts concerning their numbers, Dr. Robinson does not undertake to give any reckoning of his own. He confesses to a disappointment in their appearance. They are not to the eye what such famous and venerable trees ought to be, and are moreover defaced by the mutilations to which they are constantly subject. Not only is their wood used for the manufacture of articles of sale, but the passion for cutting names has left its mark upon their trunks. This passion is not peculiar to Americans. It is of wide and long authority. The Greeks of the time of Pericles have so immortalized themselves in the tombs of Egypt, and the French have left this sign wherever their arms have been carried.

Dr. Robinson's estimate of the height of the Lebanon is somewhat less than the common estimate. Its loftiest peak, according to his reckoning, is 9,310 feet. Of the wild beauty of its landscapes, its gorges and glens and cascades, its hanging villages, castle-crowned rocks, and flying bridges over the chasms,—of its industry and worship, its rural and convent life, the loveliness of its homes, and the music of its morning bells,—he gives a view not too highly colored. In all the externals of prosperity, in the signs of contentment, comfort, piety, and freedom, the mountaineers of Syria will compare favorably with the men of any mountain region,—with

the dwellers in the lower Apennines or in the upper Alps. Dr. Robinson found in the villages of the Maronites many things to remind him of the rural life of New England.

In the present, as in the former edition of the Biblical Researches, the bearings of all important points by compass are given in notes at the bottom of the page, so that a skilful draughtsman could almost construct a map from these notes. At the close of the volume, also, we have a tabular view of the places, directions, and distances of each day's journey, and after these an Index of Arabic names and words, an Index of Geography and Antiquities, and a third Index of passages of Scripture illustrated. Nothing that can assist the reader, or help to illustrate the subject, seems to have been omitted. It is needless to say, that such a work is indispensable to all who would understand the geography and antiquities of the Holy Land. It is, however, as we learn from the Preface, only preparatory to a thorough systematic work on "the Physical and Historical Geography of the Holy Land." We trust that no obstacle may hinder one so furnished for that task from completing what is sure to be one of the master works of American scholarship.

A new series of maps accompanies the new edition of the Researches. They are more accurate than the former maps, and are valuable in themselves, apart from the volumes which they illustrate. We have had occasion to test them on the spot, and can vouch for their entire truthfulness. No man should attempt to travel in Palestine without Kiepert's map constantly in his hand. It is worth more than the knowledge of any dragoman. We may say, however, that those who wish to have a correct idea of Jerusalem and its environs should procure the recently published map of Dr. J. T. Barclay, which is perfect in its accuracy.

The volume which we have imperfectly noticed fulfills the hope expressed in the Preface of the former work. May the present hope be as fairly successful, and the next fifteen years show as large a fruit of study and thought as that which has made the author of the "Biblical Researches" the highest authority in the English tongue, when the subject is the land of the Saviour!

C. H. B.

ART. II.—COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY OF HEATHEN
RELIGIONS.*

THE books whose titles are given below indicate a change of view in regard to the religions of heathen nations.

According to the old way of regarding the religions of the world, they were divided into two classes, the true and the false. Judaism and Christianity were the true religions; all the other religions of the world were false. In the true religions there was nothing false; in the false religions, nothing true. Wherever in false religions there was any trace of truth, it was so darkened and perverted as to be little better than error. The belief in one God had degenerated into polytheism, spiritual worship had sunk into idolatry, the belief in immortality and retribution had become feeble and inefficient. As the doctrines of heathenism were thus corrupt, so its worship was superstitious and formal. Unmeaning ceremonies took the place of gratitude, reverence, and prayer. The influence, therefore, of these religions tended to make men worse, and not better, producing sensuality, cruelty, and universal degradation. Such religions as these could not be believed to come from God, nor even from the better part of the nature of man. They are therefore supposed to have been the invention of priestcraft, and a deliberate imposition on the people. This is the dark picture of heathen religions which we have all been taught in our childhood, and which is set up as a gloomy background to give relief and prominence to revelation. A supernatural revelation had become necessary, so it was argued, because the religions of the world were so utterly corrupt and corrupting. This is the view taken by such apologists as Leland, Whitby, and Warburton; by such historians as Mosheim, and the writers of ecclesiastical history generally; and, indeed, by Christian authors in every department

* 1. *Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages.* By L. MARIA CHILD. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856. 3 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Heathen Religion in its Popular and Symbolical Development.* By REV. JOSEPH B. GROSS. Boston. 1856. 12mo.

3. *The Religions of the World, in their Relation to Christianity.* By F. D. MAURICE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 16mo.

of theology. James Foster, for example, has a sermon "On the Advantages of a Revelation," in which he declares that at the time of Christ's coming "just notions of God were, in general, erased from the minds of men. His worship was debased and polluted, and scarce any traces could be discerned of the genuine and immutable religion of nature. A degenerate and barbarous superstition obstructed and clouded even the sense of morality and the social virtues." John Locke, also, in his "Essay on the Reasonableness of Christianity," says, that, when Christ came, "men had given themselves up into the hands of their priests, to fill their heads with false notions of the Deity, and their worship with foolish rites, as they pleased; and what dread or craft once began, devotion soon made sacred, and religion immutable." "In this state of darkness, and ignorance of the true God, vice and superstition held the world. In the crowd of wrong notions and invented rites, the world had almost lost the sight of the one only true God." Locke also thinks that the heathen religions gave no knowledge of morality. "All men, indeed, under pain of displeasing the gods, were to frequent the temples; every one went to their sacrifices and services; but the priests made it not their business to teach them virtue." Quotations of this sort might be indefinitely multiplied. A few writers like Cudworth and the Platonists endeavored to put in a good word for the Greek philosophers; but the religions of the nations were abandoned to unmitigated reprobation. The account which Mosheim gives of them is worth noticing, from its sweeping character.

"All the nations of the world, except the Jews, were," he says, "plunged in the grossest superstition. Some nations, indeed, went beyond others in impiety and absurdity, but all stood charged with irrationality and gross stupidity in matters of religion. The greater part of the gods of all nations were ancient heroes, famous for their achievements and their worthy deeds, such as kings, generals, and founders of cities. To these some added the more splendid and useful objects in the natural world; as the sun, moon, and stars; and some were not ashamed to pay divine honors to mountains, rivers, trees, &c. The worship of these deities consisted in ceremonies, sacrifices, and prayers. The ceremonies were for the most part absurd and ridiculous; and throughout debasing, obscene, and cruel. The prayers were

truly insipid and void of piety, both in their form and matter. The priests who presided over this whole worship basely abused their authority to impose on the people. The whole pagan system had not the least efficacy to produce and cherish virtuous emotions in the soul, because the gods and goddesses were patterns of vice, the priests bad men, and the doctrines false."

Such is the opinion of Dr. Mosheim concerning the religions of the world at the time of Christ's coming.

It is somewhat curious that the writers of the last century, who lay the greatest stress on Natural Religion, think no better of Gentile religions than do the Christian writers. They, too, supposed that the religions of heathen nations are the work of priesthood. For Natural Religion, with them, does not mean the actual religion which nature teaches to mankind, but rather the opinions which an educated understanding accepts as reasonable. Gentile religions, no less than Christianity and Judaism, are quite too positive, living, and real for this class of thinkers. By Natural Religion they mean merely a cool speculation, and not an earnest worship or a devotion of life.

The opinion of the eighteenth century, then, concerning Gentile religions, may be thus summed up. They are,—

In their source, the work of human fraud;

In their essence, superstitions;

In their doctrines, false;

In their moral tendency, injurious;

In their result, continually degenerating into greater falsehood and worse evil.

Now, when we look at this theory of the heathen world, there is much about it quite unsatisfactory. Let us consider it.

To ascribe the vast phenomena of religion, in all their variety and complexity, to man as their author, and to suppose the whole a mere work of human will, is not a satisfactory solution of these phenomena. That priests, working on human ignorance and fear, should be able to build up such a great mass of opinion, sentiment, and act, is like supposing a cathedral to be built on a quicksand.

How happens it, if the people are so ignorant, that the priests are so wise? If the people are so credulous,

why are not the priests credulous also? Among so many nations, and through so many centuries, why has no priest betrayed the secret of the imposition? Apply a similar theory to other human pursuits, and how easily we discover its absurdity. Let one argue that all the systems of *government* in the world—Absolutism, the Patriarchal system, Aristocracy, Limited Monarchy—are utterly useless and evil, and are the mere inventions of rulers for their own benefit. Let one argue that every system of *law* (except our own) is wholly false and useless, and was the invention of lawyers for their own advantage. Argue in the same way about *medicine*, about *fashion*, about anything which men have believed and practised in all time. We should reply, that these cannot be based upon pure ignorance or error. Ignorance and error, illusion and imposition, may no doubt be mixed with them all; but they must rest also on a foundation of truth and utility, or they could not prevail so widely and so long. It is only reasonable to say the same thing of heathen religions. They contain error and imposition; but unless they also contain something true and good, they could not have kept their place. To think otherwise is disrespectful to human nature. We say, therefore, that the foundation of these religions is not priestcraft, but some permanent need of the human soul. They are founded, not on man's will, but on man's nature. Their source is not pure fraud, but the feeling of dependence, the sense of accountability, the need of worship, and the instinct which makes us recognize the presence of the spiritual in the midst of material things.

Nor can it be believed by one who believes in Providence, that God has left himself without a witness in the world in ancient times except among the Hebrews, and in modern times except among the Christians. This narrow creed excludes God from communion with the great majority of human beings. It teaches that he has forgotten to be gracious except in the land of Palestine, that he only makes himself known to Abraham and his descendants, and leaves the rest of mankind orphaned. Is this the Being without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground,—the Being who never puts an insect into the air, or a polype into the water, without providing it with some appropriate food, so that it may live and grow?

Does he leave men, made with religious appetencies of reverence, conscience, hope, with no corresponding nutriment of truth? This view tends to atheism; for if the presence of adaptation everywhere is the legitimate proof of the being of God, the absence of these adaptations in so large and important a sphere of existence tends in so far to overthrow that evidence.

This view, also, which we are opposing, contradicts that law of progress which alone gives unity and meaning to history. It teaches, instead of progress, degeneracy and failure. The world is a mistake, a badly made machine, which has to be stopped and mended. The real God of the world is Satan, and from nine tenths of the world he has expelled its Creator. We cannot sing the psalm, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"; for disorder and confusion reign. But everywhere else we see progress, not recession. Geology shows us higher forms of life succeeding to the lower. Botany shows us the lichens and mosses preparing a soil for higher forms of vegetation. Civil history shows the savage state giving way to the semi-civilized, and that to the civilized. Everywhere else the lower form prepares for the next and higher which succeeds it. If heathen religions are preparations for Christ, then we can see a progress, and an order, and understand why Christ's coming was delayed, and why he came when he did. But otherwise, the law of the world is disorder; that is, *not* law, but caprice and accident; that is, *no* God present in it, for God is Order. Disorder and atheism are the rule, order and the presence of God the exception.

Nor do the facts which we observe in the religions of the world confirm the popular view. In their essence they are not superstitions, but religions. Their doctrines as a whole convey truth rather than falsehood. Their moral tendency, in the main, is good rather than evil. And instead of degenerating towards that which is worse, their movement is upward toward something better.

The Apostle Paul was commissioned to preach to the Gentiles. His view, therefore, of Gentile religions we may suppose to be the Gospel view. On this point, certainly, he is the highest authority. Which view of the heathen religions, then, does *he* adopt?

We find him at Athens, face to face with all that was most imposing in the religion of Greece. He saw the city filled with idols, majestic forms, the perfection of artistic grace and beauty. Was his spirit then moved only with indignation against this worship, and had he no sympathy with the spiritual needs which it expressed? It does not seem so. He recognized piety in their souls. "I see that you are in all things very pious." He recognized that their worship passed beyond the idol to the true God, "whom ye ignorantly worship." He professed it his purpose, not to revolutionize their worship, but to reform it. He does not proceed like the backwoodsman, who fells the forest and takes out the stumps that he may plant a wholly different crop; but like the nurseryman, who grafts a native stock with a better sort of fruit. They were already ignorantly worshipping the true God. All that the Apostle purposed to do was to enlighten that ignorance by showing them who that true God was, and what was his character. In his subsequent remarks, therefore, he does not *teach* them that there is one Supreme Being, but he *assumes* it as something already believed. He assumes him to be the Creator of all things; to be omnipotent,—"the Lord of heaven and earth"; spiritual,—"dwelleth not in temples made with hands"; absolute,—"not needing anything," but the source of all things. He says all this, as not expecting any opposition or contradiction; he reserves his criticisms for the end of his discourse. He then states quite clearly, that the different nations of the world have a common origin, belong to one family, and have been providentially placed in space and time, that each might seek the Lord in its own way. He recognized in them a power of seeking and finding God, the God close at hand, and in whom we live; and he quotes one of their own poets, accepting his statement of God's fatherly character. Now it is quite common for those who deny all truth in heathenism to admire this speech of Paul as a masterpiece of ingenuity and eloquence. But I think he would hardly have made this speech unless he believed it to be true; and those who praise his eloquence at the expense of his veracity pay him a poor compliment. Did Paul tell the Athenians that they were worshipping the true God, *when they were not*, for

the sake of rhetorical effect? Did he commit such a piece of insincerity? If so, let us cease henceforth to find fault with the Jesuits.

Paul believed what he said. He believed that the heathens as well as the Jews worshipped the true God, but also believed that they worshipped him ignorantly. He connected Christianity with polytheism where the two religions touched, that is, on their pantheistic side.

Paul had afterward occasion to write to the Romans, and in that letter he openly takes the same ground. He says (chap i. 19) that the Gentiles had a knowledge of God, and that they saw him in his works, having a knowledge of his eternal attributes. They are blamed, not for ignorance, but for disobedience. Paul therefore finds, with us, essential truth, and not essential error, in heathenism.

The books before us have the merit of belonging to the new school of opinion which we have now indicated. They all regard the religions of the heathen world with an eye which seeks truth in them, and admits the possibility of good. They bring forward some points on the good side of heathenism. Mrs. Child's book is especially valuable, and in a high degree creditable to her love of truth, her generous spirit, and her faithful industry. It does not, however, fulfil the promise of its title. It does not show, scarcely even attempts to show, "the *Progress* of Religious Ideas." It does not attempt a genetic unfolding of religion, but gives only a popular description of the contents of each system in its complete state. It is therefore not so much a history as a geography of heathenism. But though thus vitiated for higher uses by the want of a philosophic clew, it is useful as a book of reference, and would be more so were it not for two defects, — first, the imperfection of her sources of information; and secondly, the absence of a careful criticism in distinguishing between the good and bad sources. A writer on this subject who is unable to go to the original fountain in the ancient and Oriental languages, must depend on the profound and thorough labors of modern Continental scholars. But it does not appear from her list of books that she has examined a single German writer. Nor does this list contain the names of the leading French Orientalists, nor even that

of the great Englishman, Colebrooke. As she gives no references, it is impossible to verify her statements. But in examining the doctrines of religions which extend through thousands of years, and over wide regions, it is of the first importance to know the origin of every statement. This Mrs. Child does not give us ; and hence, for any sincere study of the subject, we are obliged to say that her books are rather suggestive than instructive. They may stimulate to inquiry, and suggest thought, but cannot be relied upon as conclusive in any single statement.

The object intended by Mr. Maurice in his book on the "Religions of the World," he states thus :—

"I propose to examine the great religious systems which present themselves to us in the history of the world, not going into their details, far less searching for their absurdities ; but inquiring what is their main characteristical principle. If we find, as the objectors say, good in each of them, we shall desire to know what this good is, and under what conditions it may be preserved and made effectual."

These questions occupy him during the first four Lectures of the book. The last four inquire into the relations of these religions with Christianity. The book is generous and penetrating. It is generous in presupposing something true and good in the religions of the world ; and it is penetrating in pointing out what that good thing is. If it is not always clear, nor always satisfactory, this is the natural result to be expected in so bold and large an enterprise. Like the rest of the books of Mr. Maurice, its logic often fades away in rhetoric, and the struggle for a large comprehension ends in something dim and indistinct. The book is very suggestive, and opens the way for other thinkers and writers.

Mr. Gross has written a book on the Heathen Religion, in which he attempts also to vindicate the religion of the heathen from misrepresentations. He treats it according to its popular development and according to its symbolical development, and endeavors to show the meaning of every form of worship.

These works are the heralds of a new order ; works which shall proceed on the assumption that the religions of the world are not the work of human will, but of human nature, and that they therefore constitute, collec-

tively, natural religion. Natural religion is by no means that system of opinion which the intellect of Locke or Paley finds reasonable in England, and in the eighteenth century after Christ. But natural religion is that system which human nature, in the unconscious working of all its powers, finds satisfactory in all parts of the world, and in all periods of history. That which human nature thinks, feels, and does in relation to Deity is natural religion. We do not assume at the outset that it is all true, nor that it is all false; we presume that it contains truth mixed with error, and we examine it in the twofold light of reason and revelation, to see how much truth and how much error it contains.

Pursuing our investigations from this point of departure, we say, Natural religion is the religion which nature has actually taught to mankind; not the religion which we imagine nature ought to teach. This natural religion we discover to be by no means a simple system, but a very complex system. It is the sum of a great variety of parts, and these parts differing very essentially from each other. The law of this variety we presently discover to be that of race; and we thus learn the significance of the term Gentile Religions, or, to use the Greek equivalent, Ethnic Religions. The religions of the world are, strictly speaking, ethnic religions, or religions of races. They are strictly confined within the limits of races, and follow their fortunes. An ethnic religion we therefore define to be a religion which is limited by the same law which limits a race, and which manifests neither the desire nor the power of passing beyond these boundaries. Thus Brahminism has never attempted to extend itself, except over the native races of Hindostan. The system of Zoroaster has always belonged to the tribes of Iran. The system of Confucius is confined to the native races of China. Egypt and Scandinavia, Greece and Rome, had each their national religion, which was determined by the character of the races who assimilated in these national unities. These are all ethnic religions.

But beside these ethnic religions, there are also those which we may call Catholic Religions. These refuse to be confined by the boundaries of race, and aim at universality. They assume themselves to be fitted to be

the religion of mankind. Three such religions we discover in our survey of human history,—the Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan. Each of these has manifested a truly catholic tendency, has been able to spread itself over a variety of races, and has aimed at universal dominion. The Jewish and Mohammedan religions ultimately failed, from reasons not difficult to discover. The Jewish religion sought to make proselytes from all quarters, but aimed at making them Jews in all respects. In its bigotry it attempted to obliterate the distinctions of race, and therefore only succeeded in preparing a soil for Christianity. The system of Mohammed was more tolerant. If nations would accept its simple creed of "One God, and Mohammed as his prophet," it asked no more. But it enforced this belief upon the will, without convincing the intellect or persuading the heart, and could therefore produce only a superficial reception even of its narrow creed. But Christianity, while, like Judaism, it made proselytes by conviction and attraction, like Islamism was tolerant of national variety. By the mental and moral force of one man, the Apostle Paul, it established its principle of conquest, preaching its gospel to every creature, yet letting every man hear it in his own tongue wherein he was born. Thus it reconciled unity with variety, and thus its churches were presently established among Jews and Greeks and Romans, among the races of Asia, Africa, and Europe, weaving together by strange and hidden ties the various races of mankind into a mysterious unity. A religion which has been able to make a home at the same time among Jews, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Kelts, Persians, and Africans, has a good claim to the name of Catholic.

The Buddhist religion of Eastern Asia seems to belong neither to the ethnic nor to the catholic religions. It occupies apparently an intermediate position. It shows no tendency to make proselytes except in certain regions, and therefore cannot be called Catholic. Yet, originating and long remaining in India, it has passed from India into countries inhabited by the Mongol races, and so seems not to be ethnic. It may however appear that this is only an apparent exception to the law that natural religion is always distinguished by its ethnic tendency, and supernatural religion by its catholic, since

Buddhism has only succeeded in keeping permanent hold of the nations of Mongol origin.*

Assuming, therefore, that these ethnic religions constitute together the natural religion of mankind, and are not mere blind superstitions; that they contain truth, though mingled with error; that their tendency is to give the primary education of the human race; and that each therefore has its providential meaning and purpose,—we are led to look on them with a much more careful interest. We study them now in order to learn what is the essential character of each system, its truth and error, its good and evil tendency, and its historical relations to the other religions. The results of this study constitute what we name the Comparative Theology of Ethnic and Catholic Religions.

Comparative theology, therefore, stands related to any special theology as comparative anatomy to any special anatomy, or comparative geography to any special geography. It belongs to that new order of sciences which has arisen in our day, the object of which is to consider the various departments of nature as a whole. This study of things in their relations to each other could only come late, and after they had been studied separately. But when the time has arrived for these comparative studies, what majestic and beautiful laws do they not reveal! The simple melodies of our childish love are replaced by the grand harmonies of maturer years. The world of nature, which we have known before only as an unmeaning though beautiful variety of facts and laws, is globed into a perfect order, an entire cosmos. History—before a mere succession of unrelated events, a mere stream of sand falling through the hour-glass of time—is now seen to be a growth, in which we have root, stalk, and fruit,—first the blade, next the ear,

* The distinguished ethnologist, R. G. Latham, in a little book called "Man and his Migrations," has the following passage, which confirms the ethnic character of Buddhism:—

"The great area of the monosyllabic tongues means, geographically, China, Thibet, the Transgangetic Peninsula, and the Sub-Himalayan parts of Northern India, such as Nepal, Sikkim, Assam, the Garo country, and other similar localities.

"Politically, it means the Chinese, Nepalese, Burmese, and Siamese empires, along with several British-Indian and independent tribes.

"*The chief religion is Buddhism; the physical conformation unequivocally Mongolian.*" — *Norton's Railroad Library*, No. I. p. 199.

afterward the full corn in the ear. Past, present, and future are thus seen to be beginning, middle, and end. Separate events are no longer casual, they do not fall, like unconnected grains of sand, by a law of gravity; they rise, each to its own place, like the particles in a plant, by a law of growth. The world is at last found to have a soul, and history is also found to have a soul; and when this is seen by science, science becomes vital, it also has a soul. Vital science becomes religious, for the soul of nature and of history is seen to be God. Science having grown vital confutes atheism, for atheism consists in looking at the facts of nature, and omitting to see their soul.

This view, which does justice to heathenism, will do justice also to Christianity. Recognizing the truths in heathenism, it can demonstrate that they are all partial and incomplete, that a universal religion is also needed to fulfil and harmonize them, and that this universal religion can be nothing but Christianity. The religion of Jesus, of which Judaism is the root, and Islam a Judaizing sect, is shown by this new science to be the only possible religion for the human race. Every ethnic religion is a preparation for it; and Christianity, supplying the deficiencies of each, brings it into harmony with the rest. A life rather than a creed, it has the power of admitting into itself every good thing out of every creed. It has within itself a spiritualism as profound as that of the Vedas, and more vital; it recognizes, like Buddhism, the progress of the soul through the laws of nature; like the system of Confucius, it sees a divine order in the relations of human life; like Zoroaster, it places man between good and evil, and tells him to choose between them; with the Egyptian, it can recognize something divine even in the lowest forms of animal existence; with the Greek, it can reverence the ideals of human nature; with the Roman, hear the voice of God in the voice of the nation; and, lastly, with the Scandinavian, find the true worship of God in the stern conflicts of human life. Thus is the genius of the Gospel catholic enough to receive all ethnic creeds into itself; but it could not do this unless it had something to impart in which they are all deficient. This something, which is the catholic principle in Christian-

ity, is the knowledge of God as Father, and so of man as brother. No ethnic religion has this knowledge; it is the life-principle in Christianity,—perfect life, because perfect love. Our new science is therefore a confutation of all Deism, just as it was a confutation of all Atheism.

Observe also what will be the practical results of this view. How changed will be the aspect of missions! Protestant missions have been hitherto conducted in a contemptuous ignorance of the condition of the soul which was to be enlightened. "He is a poor, benighted heathen,—give him light,"—has been the whole prescription. This "light" has been presented in the form of sermons, setting forth the missionary's creed, like those which he would have preached in Glasgow or Andover. But though Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, those who need Christ may differ very widely. Water is the same yesterday and to-day, but that which needs water differs. A house on fire, a thirsty man, and a parched field, all need water, and need the same water; but they need that it should be administered in somewhat different methods. Because water is the same yesterday and to-day, you would not offer it in a tumbler to the parched field, or let it flow in a little rivulet to the burning house, or pump it into the mouth of the thirsty man with a fire-engine. Something like this, however, has been the method adopted by missionaries in dispensing the water of life. The Turk and the Hindoo has been to them all as one. They have known little difference between a Jew, an atheist, and an idolater, and their only method of proceeding has been to preach to each of them a strong Calvinistic sermon. It is not to be wondered at that the effect thus far has been small. Jesuit missionaries, wiser in their generation, have carefully studied the habits and opinions of each particular people, and conformed themselves thereto in outward appearance. And so they have often gained a great apparent success. But as there was no heart in their conformity, so there was no depth in the conversions they effected. We read with astonishment of whole nations in Asia converted to Christianity and making a unanimous profession of it, and in a few years relapsing with equal unanimity to their previous

heathenism. The explanation is, that this Jesuit Christianity was only a dress which they had been persuaded to put on, and which they threw off again as easily.

Different from the hitherto Jesuit and Protestant methods would be the form of missionary action resulting from the new view of heathenism. The missionary in a heathen country will say, "Amid all this error there is a grain of God's truth, amid all this evil there is a seed of God's good." This belief will be seen in all his intercourse with the heathen, and will disarm their hostility. They will see that the object to be accomplished is not the overthrow of their system, but its improvement and purification.

Comparative theology will probably clear up many other problems otherwise inexplicable. Perhaps this will best appear by means of an illustration. And we will take as an illustration the trinities of heathen religion.

When, in the study of an ethnic theology, Brahminism, for example, we come upon a sort of trinity or triad, it somewhat perplexes us to account for it. Why this number three more than any other number? But as soon as we compare the triads of the different religions we begin to get light. The different forms of the triad arrange themselves chronologically. We find the triad, indeed, in all the religions, but in very different degrees of development. Thus, while all the religions were at first monotheisms, we find the religion of Zoroaster had spent its motive power when it reached the condition of a duad, and Brahminism when it reached the triad. The religion of Egypt went beyond the triad to its mystic circle of the ogdoad. The movement in Greece continued till it gave them twelve Gods of the first order. This brings us to the following conclusions.

1. The oldest religion was a monotheism. All tradition proves this. The oldest books teach it. The books of Moses, the oldest Vedas, the Zend-Avesta, the Chinese Kings, and the oldest Egyptian monuments, all indicate monotheism as the primitive religion of man. This we might expect, for it is the simplest and most natural belief. The first act of reflection leads to unity. We are in the habit of talking about monotheism as

though it were a great and difficult attainment of the human mind; but this is hastily assumed. If monotheism means the belief in one Supreme God, then there is no polytheism which has ever set it aside, for polytheism merely adds a host of inferior gods. But simple monotheism precedes, in the order of time and in the order of reflection, this complex monotheism. For when man begins to contemplate nature, he beholds at once adaptations. All things are bound together into one whole. The simplest plant is adapted to earth, water, air, and light. They were made for it, and it for them. And the plant again is adapted to the horse who eats it, and the horse to the man who rides on him, and man's eye to the sun whose ray comes through millions of miles of air to enable him to see the horse. So the first act of reflection shows all things bound together by a harmonious system of laws into one great working order. The idea of one Deity at the centre of all things arises therefore very easily and spontaneously, and monotheism is the first religion.

2. But though the first view of nature shows adaptations tending to a universal harmony, the second view of nature shows us something quite different from this. We are compelled to notice antagonism, discord, conflict. There is pain as well as pleasure, evil as well as good, darkness as well as light, barren wastes as well as fertile plains, poisonous plants as well as fruits and grain, noxious reptiles and beasts as well as domestic animals, death as well as life. Can these contradictions proceed from one source? is the natural inquiry. No! there must be two, a good God and an evil God. Hence Dualism, a period in the development of the human mind shown to us in the religion of Zoroaster, which marks the second great epoch of human history. The progress of the religious intellect was arrested at this point of its development in Persia, during long centuries, and this whole theory is completely worked out in the Zendavesta.

These ancient books are full of conflict. They represent the struggle between Ormuzd, the God of light, and Ahriman, the God of darkness. They contain clear indications of the previous monotheism. They allude constantly to the Supreme Being, Zerane Akerane, or Time without Bounds, who, however, has retired into

the background from the field of conflict. Indications of the approaching triad are not wanting, though confined mostly to the later books, which speak of Mitra, the mediator.

3. For reflection could not stop, nor the human mind be satisfied, with this dual theory. The world is not such a scene of conflict as such a theory supposes. If the realm of nature were thus divided between two hostile powers, it would be a scene of perpetual tumult and disorder. This could only terminate with the triumph of the one and the overthrow of the other. We do not live in the tumult of such a terrible conflict. The discords and the pain are everywhere restrained and subdued, and never go beyond a certain point. Hence reflection found it necessary to assume the existence of a third power, who should continually restore the balance between the other two, and preserve the universe from going to wreck in their mighty conflict. This third being is the mediator, preserver, or restorer, and makes the third person in every heathen triad. When this personage has arrived on the stage, we have reached the third period in the development of ethnic religions. It is a higher stage than that of the duad or the simple ethnic monad. It shows an advance both in observation and in reflection. This stage of thought is most fully seen in Brahminism, in which, of the three gods, Brahma the Creator, Shiva the Destroyer, and Veeshnoo the Preserver, the last has the decided pre-eminence, while the dim unity of Para-Brahm is still to be traced behind them all.

Through all the ethnic religions we are able to observe the same character of thought, though less clearly.

In Egypt we have Osiris, Typhon, and Horus, as Creator, Destroyer, and Preserver.

In Persian theology we have Ormuzd, Ahriman, and Mitra, as Creator, Destroyer, and Preserver.

In the Scandinavian theology we have Odin, Loke, and Baldur, as Creator, Destroyer, and Preserver.

Buddhism has also a triad, but approaching much more nearly the Christian Trinity than these. If our sources of information can be relied on, it consists of Buddha (God in himself), Dharma (God in his law), and Sanggha (God in the assembly of believers, or body

of priesthood). But if we consider that "the law works death," and that the Church of believers is the principle of preservation in the world, we can see how even this triad harmonizes with the others.

We know, moreover, that Plato and the Platonists taught a triad of deities, or God in three forms, thus: God in himself, or the Absolute, the substance of all things; God in thought, the former of all things; God in action, the sustainer of all things.

This trinity of Plato arose in somewhat the same way. We may suppose that he argued thus:—

"I see in the world a certain profound unity; (or, as the New Platonist says, in all things is a triad, over which a monad rules).

"This unity must arise from the fact that all things which are, both good and evil, have the ground of their being, and the reason of their existence, in God.

"I see also in the world contradiction, some friction, some resistance, the law failing to act itself out, living things dwarfed and maimed of their proportions. The reason of this must be in the Many, in the varieties which conflict together. The ground of opposition is diversity or difference. If things were all alike, there would be no opposition, but also no movement, and no life.

"Thus, if in *the being* of God is the principle of unity, in *the thought* of God is the principle of variety, which is the source of conflict.

"But though these varieties are in opposition and antagonism, they do not ultimate in mutual destruction. I see in the world not merely unity and variety, but, as the result of this, PROGRESS. The reason of this progress must be found in the life of God, flowing constantly into the universe. So, while the unity of the world comes from the being of God, and the variety of the world from the thought of God, the life of the world comes from the activity of God."

With this illustration of Comparative Theology, we close our exposition of this subject.

J. F. C.

ART. III.—RHODE ISLAND BIOGRAPHY.*

WHILE we own the force of the old complaint, as applied to mere book-making, that “of making many books there is no end,” we still say, with all our heart, of such books as this the more the better. We cannot well have too many of these lives, written *con amore*, of the good, busy, bright, genial spirits that have passed from among us.

We owe Mr. Stone warm thanks for a charming volume. It richly fulfils the expectations which our knowledge of the subject, man, and times, and of the author’s genial treatment of such themes before, had created.

Little Rhode Island, though small among our tribes, has sent forth her full quota of captains and counsellors; and now the honored name of John Howland is, in this simple and edifying biography, added to her historical gallery,—a man who deserves abundantly to be better known than he has yet been beyond the limits of his own town and State,—one of those worthy scions of the old Pilgrim stock, stout-hearted, clear-headed, and honest-minded, who, having helped in the dark, stormy days of the Revolution to plant the tree of Liberty, came home to foster and guard the young plants that its broad roots sent up all over the land, and to be still good soldiers, and at last veterans, in the service of Christ.

John Howland was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1757, and died in Providence, in 1854. In his reply to an invitation to join in celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims, written in 1845, he speaks of himself as “one of the survivors of the fifth generation of the fathers who arrived in that far-famed ship; there being only three between me and my ancestor, John Howland, who landed on the rock.” And nobly did he, in his long and well-filled life of ninety-seven years, sustain, and in some respects advance, the credit of his Puritan ancestry; for he preserved the firmness, courage, and *grit* of the old Puritan character, without its faults of occasional

* *The Life and Recollections of JOHN HOWLAND, late President of the Rhode Island Historical Society.* By EDWIN M. STONE. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348.

narrowness and harshness, and joined to liberty liberality. He was a worthy follower of John Robinson.

Mr. Howland's early years showed the love of truth, the accuracy, honesty, and independence, that characterized his latest days, and made his life a fulfilment of the poet's wish, that his days on earth might be

"Bound each to each by natural piety."

A year or two of his Newport life passed under the ministry of the famous Dr. Hopkins, whose first sermon after ordination he heard. His account of it (affording a good specimen of his pleasant way of telling things) may be new to some of our readers. He says:—

"My seat was in the boys' gallery. The Doctor took for his text Acts x. 29, 'Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for ; I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me ?' This question I supposed to be addressed to the deacons, who sat in their seat in front of the pulpit, and I expected every moment to see one of them rise and reply. But to my surprise neither of them stirred. The Doctor repeated the text, 'I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me ?' Surely, thought I, they will answer now, and I rose on tiptoe and leaned over the gallery to see which of them would answer. But both of them kept quiet in their seats. What stupid men, I thought ; why don't Deacon —— get up and tell him the reason they sent for him ? Neither of them took any notice of the question, and so he went on to assign the reasons that should govern a society when they settled a minister. Dr. Hopkins was more eminent for learning than interesting as a preacher. His manner was dull, and his voice unmusical. He would sometimes, in his sermon, go on in a low tone, as though he was conversing with one or two persons, then he would seem to remember that a congregation was before him, and suddenly raise his voice to its highest pitch. Those who liked oratory, and did not care much about sentiment, were not pleased with him. He was an excellent man, though not an attractive preacher. He was kind, sympathetic, and benevolent. He was attentive to his people, and took much notice of children. I always thought his life was a contradiction of his creed." — p. 20.

Another incident gives a vivid glimpse of "old times." Speaking of a strange minister who came to Newport as a revivalist, from Connecticut, Mr. Howland says:—

"While at Newport he held a children's meeting at the house
18*

of Madam Osborn, who was a sort of lady abbess of the place. This meeting I attended, but when I arrived I found the room so crowded that I could not get inside the door. A great many women were present, of which I complained to my mother as an intrusion." — p. 22.

Human nature, it seems, was just as odd and perverse a century ago as it is now. Let a service be held for the special benefit of a particular sex or age, and people of another sex or age are sure to be there. Sermons to young men will be crowded with young women and old men who do not like to feel themselves old. So the child Howland was kept out from the childrens' meeting by "a great many women."

At the age of thirteen young Howland removed to Providence, where he lived the rest of his useful and honored days. At a period when men's heads were busy with the most momentous thoughts and cares, he entered into the shop of a hair-dresser, and, as many of his class have done before and since, while his hands were occupied with the outside of the head, his mind took note of what went on within; in the words of the biography, "the sharp-eared and all-grasping boy, while attending to his duties, was receiving instruction from the most mature minds." It was while waiting upon General Gates at his quarters that he overheard a conversation between that officer and Samuel Adams, involving the former in the celebrated cabal against Washington.

With the opening of the Revolution, the biography is continued from Mr. Howland's Reminiscences, one of the most interesting documents of the kind in relation to that period which we have ever seen, full of glimpses of men and events, since become classic amongst us, that in their vividness tell more than pages of set description. The experience in Washington's army in the Jerseys during the dark winter of '76, in which Mr. Howland was a soldier and sufferer, is related with a minute and thrilling fidelity. We give a specimen or two. Referring to the 31st of December, 1776, the day on which the term of enlistment of our troops expired, he writes:—

"This was the time that tried both soul and body. We were standing on frozen ground, covered with snow. The hope of

the Commander-in-chief was sustained by the character of these half-frozen, half-starved men, that he could persuade them to volunteer for another month. He made the attempt, and it succeeded. He directed General Mifflin to address our brigade. Seated on a noble-looking horse, and himself clothed in an over-coat made up of a large rose blanket, and a large fur cap on his head, the General made a powerful harangue, persuading us to remain a month or six weeks longer in service.....

"At the close of his speech, the General required all who agreed to remain to poise their firelocks. The poising commenced by some of each platoon, and was followed by the whole line." — pp. 70 - 71.

In his account of the retreat of the American army into and through Princeton, Mr. Howland says:—

"The bridge was narrow, and our platoons in passing it were crowded into a dense and solid mass, in the rear of which the enemy were making their best efforts. The noble horse of General Washington stood with his breast pressed close against the end of the west rail of the bridge, and the firm, composed, and majestic countenance of the General inspired confidence and assurance in a moment so important and critical. In this passage across the bridge, it was my fortune to be next the west rail, and, arriving at the end of the bridge rail, I was pressed against the shoulder of the General's horse, and in contact with the General's boot. The horse stood as firm as the rider, and seemed to understand that he was not to quit his post and station.

"Night closed upon us, and the weather, which had been mild and pleasant through the day, became intensely cold. On one hour, yes, on forty minutes, commencing at the moment when the British troops first saw the bridge and creek before them, depended the all-important, the all-absorbing question, whether we should be independent States, or conquered rebels! Had the army of Cornwallis within that space have crossed the bridge, or forded the creek, unless a miracle intervened, there would have been an end of the American army. If any fervent mind should doubt this, it must be from his not knowing the state of our few half-starved, half-frozen, feeble, worn-out men, with old fowling-pieces for muskets, and half of them without bayonets, and the States so disheartened, discouraged, or poor, that they sent no reinforcements, no recruits to supply the places of this handful of men, who but the day before had volunteered to remain with their venerated and beloved commander for thirty days more." — pp. 73 - 75.

These reminiscences are full of curious glimpses of a great variety of men who subsequently gained a good

or bad eminence. We see "Nathaniel Greene, with his musket on his shoulder, in the ranks as a private," whom the writer "distinguished by the motion of his shoulders in the march, as one of his legs was shorter than the other"; "old Father Gano's" father preaching to the army from a pulpit made of piled-up drums, with a strong voice, in a windy day, and *succeeding* very well, though, in general, "chaplains were not much cared for in the army"; General Prescott, "a small, feeble old man," to dress whose head Mr. Howland was sent for the morning after "bold Barton's" abduction of him from his house in Rhode Island; and General Arnold in his red coat, reading his morning novel regularly under the same tonsorial hands.

To show the exactness of Mr. Howland's memory, and what a pattern witness he must have been in a court of justice, we quote the following:—

"Very early one morning, as I was passing towards the market-house, there were but two men to be seen in the street, Doctor Ephraim Bowen and Mr. John Jenckes, who were two of the earliest risers in the town. They were standing together in the middle of the street. As I was passing in the rear of them, General Gates opened the chamber window of his head-quarters on the east side of the street, with his old velvet night-cap on, and said, 'Good morning, gentlemen.' They both answered, 'Good morning, General! good morning, General!' The General said, 'We have good news!' 'Ah, what is it?' they both inquired. The General said, with a strong voice, 'Talbot has taken the King George.' 'Has he?'" — p. 44.

Mr. Howland returned home from being a common soldier to be a leader of the *bone and sinew*, the *middling interest*, in the bloodless strifes of peace. We find him ever foremost to take up the good word and the good work, whether it was a savings bank or a free-school system to be established, a peace society or a temperance society to be organized, as president of the Historical Society, or as deacon of the church, to honor the past or to help the future, he is *always ready*. His cheerfulness, activity, and method enabled him to accomplish a wonderful amount of work. When his native State, "first to strike for liberty, last to come into union," finally yielded, on May 29, 1790, there was a festival at Providence.

"Just before the guests sat down to the table, the Colonel came to Mr. Howland, and requested him to write thirteen toasts for the occasion, as none had been prepared. To this he demurred, and referred his commander to the 'gentlemen of education' present, as better qualified to perform such service. But refusal was vain. 'You have always written toasts for public celebrations,' said the Colonel; 'you must do it now, and there is no time to be lost.' Supplied with writing materials, he obeyed. The house was thronged, and a seat at a table could not be had. His alternative was the stairs. Seating himself there, amid the noise and pressure of the crowd, he began to write, and, before the tables were filled by the company, had produced the following,* which were responded to by hearty cheers, and published in the account of the proceedings of the day:—

- "1. The President of the United States.
 - "2. The Senate and Representatives of the United States.
 - "3. The Governor and company.
 - "4. The Rhode Island Convention that completed the union of America.
 - "5. May the Union last till years shall cease to roll.
 - "6. Peace at home and reputation abroad.
 - "7. May the groans of the distressed be heard no more.
 - "8. May America for ever honor the men who have led her to her present happy situation.
 - "9. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.
 - "10. The encouragers of useful arts.
 - "11. The abolition of party.
 - "12. May the good of the whole be the great object.
 - "13. May private virtue be the road to public honor."—
- pp. 164, 165.

In Mr. Howland humor and good-humor were, as they legitimately always should be, finely combined. His quaint and quiet playfulness of spirit sheds a charm over the life of this hard worker, from the time when the gossips of his master's family were surprised, at the "spring-cleaning," to find in, the boy's handwriting, a fair record of months of their scandal, to the time when the old man records how the bitter dispute on the paper

* "Like all who are willing to work, he had work enough put upon him; and an amusing instance has been told of his readiness and tact, when, on some occasion, the business committee [of the Mechanics' Association] having failed to prepare a report which they were bound to make, half indignant and half in sport, he took up a blank sheet, and read off the report with such ease and emphasis, that all present either supposed it to be written, or were ashamed that they had not done it themselves." — *Dr. Hall's Discourse.*

money law "was decided by Judge Thompson's white-faced cow in her session at Tockwotten." We quote an instance or two.

"Every clergyman, as he read the New Testament, was a bishop, equal in authority, and accountable only to his own flock and to the Great Head of the Church. Firm in these opinions, he was, as we have seen, tolerant of the opinions of others, and if he ever expressed himself with emphasis, it was to rebuke a pretentious spirit. To one of this character, not familiar with the modes of other denominations, and to whom he was describing an installation he had just previously attended, he said: 'Eleven bishops were on the council. Bishop —— read the hymn, Bishop —— preached the sermon, Bishop —— offered the prayer of installation, and Bishop —— pronounced the benediction.' 'I did not know you had bishops in your church,' remarked his surprised auditor. 'O,' responded Mr. Howland, with an expression of humor, 'we have none but bishops for overseers of our congregations.' — pp. 320, 321.

Again: —

"On the 18th September, 1828, Mr. Howland, by invitation, was present at the bi-centennial anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Salem. The occasion was honored by the attendance of an unusual number of eminent men from neighboring and distant places, and attracted an immense multitude to hear the oration. The services were held in the North Church. The oration, by Hon. Joseph Story, was 'a profound and eloquent discussion of the topics appropriate to the day.' The exercises at the church were followed by a sumptuous dinner, at which the venerable Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke presided, assisted by Judge Story, Hon. William Reed, Willard Peele, Pickering Dodge, and Gideon Barstow, Esqrs. Among the distinguished guests were Hon. Daniel Webster, Hon. Edward Everett, Governor Levi Lincoln, Lieutenant-Governor Thomas L. Winthrop, Hon. Alden Bradford, President of the Pilgrim Society, Judge Davis, Hon. Timothy Pickering, Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, and Hon. Leverett Saltonstall. On account of the advanced age and infirmities of Dr. Holyoke, Judge Story discharged the active duties of the chair, and with accustomed tact and grace 'called up' gentlemen who addressed the company. To a sentiment complimentary to the Senators of Massachusetts in Congress, Mr. Webster responded at length, in a speech of great power and beauty. He 'was peculiarly happy in giving an uncontrolled flow of his own patriotic feelings, associated familiarly as they were with the early history, civil and religious, of New England.' Two hours thus passed, when

Judge Story, turning towards Mr. Howland, said, 'I am happy to observe that we are honored with the presence of a gentleman from Rhode Island. Doubtless we shall hear something from him relating to Roger Williams.' The call connected with the subject assigned him was not free from embarrassment. The name of Roger Williams united with it occurrences in regard to which a native of Rhode Island might naturally be supposed to entertain ideas differing from the popular sentiment of Massachusetts. To omit all reference to the prominent features of his character would seem indifferent to his memory, and to speak of him on the very spot where he had given offence by his plain dealing with cherished opinions and customs, and before the descendants of a people from whose displeasure he fled, without falling into similar condemnation, was not an easy task. But Mr. Howland's ready invention came to his aid. In well-chosen words he offered a sentiment true in its allegiance to the founder of Rhode Island, harmonizing with the spirit of the occasion, and playfully suggestive. On rising to respond, he said, 'I am sensible, sir, that it is not the usual order on public occasions to offer a toast which has been anticipated or presented by another gentleman before him, but as the gentleman alluded to is a citizen of Salem, and I am from a different town and another State, I presume it will not be improper to offer this: —

"The ancient town of Salem, where Roger Williams first advocated the freedom of conscience in religious concerns.'

"Judge Story quickly perceived the point of the sentiment, and by his half-amused, intelligent expression evinced his appreciation of a sentence that had revealed to the company a great deal relating to Roger Williams." — p. 230.

But perhaps the most important circumstance in Mr. Howland's life — important in its influence upon the times in which he lived, and the distant future — was the establishment of free schools in his native State. Several attempts, prior to 1800, had been made to effect this object, but without success.

"Mr. Howland had been an attentive observer of this course of things, and as he saw the inadequacy of the means of education, and reflected upon the privation of his early days, he felt himself stirred to make an additional effort in behalf of a cause so vital to the welfare of the rising and succeeding generations. He noticed that the plan of free schools, supported by a general tax, met with the strongest opposition from the class they were intended to benefit. Upon the hint this fact supplied, he predicated his future action. He resolved on attempting to arrest this hostility by creating, if possible, a correct public sentiment, and by

overlaying it with what is sometimes technically denominated a 'middling interest' influence. The first of these measures was effected by free conversation with his townsmen, and by appeals through the press. The second was accomplished by securing the united and active co-operation of the Mechanics' Association. At this juncture, the skill he had acquired in composition proved a valuable help." — p. 137.

The diligence with which he labored in the good cause was characteristic, and the story of his success we should be glad to transcribe, did our limits permit. Says his biographer: —

"The names of Hopkins, Bowen, Brown, Jones, Burrill, Jackson, Nightingale, and Jenckes, of Hitchcock, Gano, Maxcy, Bridgham, Ives, Rhodes, Smith, and Barnes, with many others of like spirit, will ever be held in grateful remembrance for the interest they early exhibited in the sacred cause of education. Without the sympathy and co-operation of such minds, little could have been accomplished. But to the mind that, from its own fertile resources, originated plans, combined influences, organized popular sentiment, and by its indomitable energy carried forward to ultimate triumph this great enterprise, a distinct acknowledgment is due. And, 'if hereafter,' to use the words of one often quoted in this volume, 'it shall be asked who was the father of the free-school system in Rhode Island, and any one shall be thought worthy of the honor, who will it be?'

For twenty years Mr. Howland, as a member of the school committee, discharged the duties of his office with scrupulous fidelity, and retired only when the demands upon his time as town treasurer, and treasurer of the Savings Institution, suggested the necessity of release from some of his public responsibilities. But though withdrawn from active participation in the management of the schools, he was ever observant of their progress." — p. 149.

But we must close our extended quotations with one more, which will interest even those whom it may not instruct,— Mr. Howland's reference to the Unitarian movement in Boston in 1812. He writes: —

"Although I am habitually of a grave countenance, it makes me smile as I remember what the elder Nicholas Brown used to say, that, 'when great men miss it, they miss it a great deal.' The charge is, that the clergy of Boston agreed to conceal their sentiments respecting the Trinity. I do not believe they ever agreed to any such thing, and there is no account that they ever had a meeting for that purpose. It appears by Mr. Parkman's

letter, that they at that time did not know each other's sentiments on that question. They preached the Gospel as they found it in the Bible. Congregations, after their first establishment, commonly imbibe the sentiments and doctrines of their ministers ; and as the ministers, from the days of Dr. Mayhew, had one after another ceased to preach Calvinism, the people ceased to hold those doctrines, till, in 1812, it appears that a large majority of the people and clergy, without scarcely knowing that their sentiments were different from what their grandfathers had held, found themselves to be anti-Calvinists. As to the accusation of their being guilty of not preaching the doctrine of the Trinity, it is doubtless true. But the same charge is true of all the Orthodox clergy in this country, and without any design of concealment in either. I am now seventy-three years of age, and was brought up and attended worship with my Orthodox parents, and, except when repeating the Assembly's Catechism on Sunday evenings, never heard of there being three persons in the Godhead. I have heard Whitfield and Bellamy, and Dr. Stiles, and Buell, and Vinall, and Dr. Samuel Hopkins, and President Manning, and Dr. Stillman, and President Dwight, and many others of the old school, of greater or lesser note, yet I do not recollect hearing a sermon from any or either of them in favor of the Trinity, although they were all strictly Orthodox. The truth is, it was an article of faith written in creeds or printed in catechisms, and there it rested. At the end of a prayer, it was usual to make it a sort of doxology. It was not the custom in any of the churches, as it is at present, for the congregation to rise and hear the doxology sung, at the close of service. This is a modern custom. The subject of the Trinity was not debated or discussed, till a periodical in Boston, called the Panoplist, charged the Boston clergy with denying or not preaching it. The Orthodox before that time were as silent as the others. They both preached what they honestly thought the Scriptures taught, and the Orthodox are as justly chargeable with concealment as the Unitarians. The doctrine was considered a *mystery*, and the majority of each congregation could neither be said to believe or deny it, till it was brought into discussion ; and then, on examining the Bible, the belief of Unitarianism became the necessary result. When the discussion reached this town, several old members of the First Congregational Church asked : 'What is this question ? Is it any new doctrine ?' They were answered, that the question was, whether Christ was God or the Son of God. They replied, with some degree of surprise : 'Can that be a question ? I always believed he was the Son of God, and not God himself. That can be no new doctrine.' And they found that they had always

been Unitarians, though, from being unacquainted with the term, they had not known it; and this is now the case with thousands."

We have written and quoted enough, not indeed to show our full idea and appreciation of the character and merits of the subject, but to show that the author has rendered us a valuable service.

The Life of John Howland proves, (what we will not refrain from saying the author's also does,) that a true antiquarian interest in the past does not conflict with the most ardent devotion to the present and the future. May this Life, also, help us "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

C. T. B.

ART. IV.—INDIAN TRIBES OF NEW ENGLAND.*

WE resume and conclude our account of the Penobscots. In our last number we spoke of their early wars with other tribes, of their population, of their chiefs, of their religion, and the missionaries among them. We also specified, as among the general causes of frequent ruptures with the English, their geographical position, the character of the whites around them, the frauds of private traders and at the government truck-houses, the excessive use of rum, the introduction of fire-arms, and the aggressions upon their lands. First in order now, therefore, is a brief mention of the specific or immediate causes of the six wars in which they were involved with the government of Massachusetts.

The *first* war was of three years' duration. Madockawando, who was the head chief, desired to avoid it. The wife and child of the proud, able, and subtle sachem of the Anasagunticooks were upset in the Saco, merely to test the idle saying that "a papoose would swim as naturally as a puppy"; and though the frantic mother

* *Annual Reports of the Select Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America.* Presented November 7, 1850, and November 6, 1851. Boston: John Wilson & Son.

recovered her babe, it died upon her bosom, and the father, maddened with the wrong, entered upon a crusade to excite the tribes in Maine to lend their aid in avenging it. Madockawando refused.

Soon some of his own people were seized and sold into slavery: the act afforded just cause of war on his part, but he was inclined to overlook the offence, grave as it was, and would have done so could he have obtained concessions in a conference on the Kennebec, in which the subject of the wrongs of his people was discussed. "Where shall we buy powder and shot," he asked, "for our winter's hunting? Shall we leave the English and apply to the French, or let our Indians die? We have waited long to hear you tell us, and now we want yes or no." This direct "talk" brought matters to an issue. The English "preach-men," or commissioners, were madmen, and refused to concede the point, and negotiations were broken off. It was then, soured and disappointed, and after the followers of Philip related the story of *his* wrongs, and of his fall, that Madockawando determined to sound the war-whoop. That he was right in his demand for ammunition, and that a concession by the commissioners would have prevented hostilities, is proved in this, that when, a year after, a treaty was concluded at Boston, it contained a stipulation that the Penobscots might purchase powder and shot of government agents. The peace, however, was hardly more than a truce: each party suspected, and recriminated upon the other; and in the renewal of bloodshed, the frontier settlements of Maine became scenes of slaughter and conflagration. We are the more particular in stating the origin of this war, because we insist that the Penobscots were not in fault. We of course — and whatever others have done, or may do — place them on an equality with the English, and claim that the principles of international law, and the simple rules of right between man and man, are to be applied to uncivilized as well as civilized people.

The principal immediate cause of the *second*, or "King William's War," was the sacking of the Baron Castine's establishment by Andros, Governor of Massachusetts, who — a man without scruple always — turned both robber and pirate, and personally led in the

enterprise. The pretence was, that, on the running of a boundary line, the eastern bank of the Penobscot River was English territory, and that the French noble refused to recognize the act and to acknowledge himself a subject of England. The survey was *ex parte* and unauthorized, and could bind nobody, for we need not say that colonial and other boundaries are invariably determined by joint national commissioners. Yet the outrage had its advocates. As we reason, Madockawando, who was still at the head of affairs, might as well have gone to Hull, or Ipswich, and plundered the inhabitants there, and justified himself on the ground that Massachusetts had no jurisdiction, because on the map of the renowned John Smith those places are laid down — strangely enough — easterly of the Isles of Shoals, and therefore within the limits of New Hampshire.

The immediate causes of the *third*, or "Queen Anne's War," were the renewal of hostile relations between France and England, the robbery of the fortress and house of the younger Castine, and the fierce passions excited in the Indians by the excessive use of rum. These ten years of strife were ruinous to Maine. Though there was less of malice and of cruelty on the part of the natives than in either of the preceding wars, many of the interior settlements were destroyed, and the seacoast for a hundred miles was desolated and depopulated.

The leading disputes which produced the *fourth* war were two. One related to territory; and after this had existed some time, the Governor of Massachusetts met chiefs of *all* the Eastern tribes in a conference, at which it was claimed by him, and denied by the Indians, that the lands east of the Kennebec had been relinquished. The Governor refused to concede the point, and the chiefs abruptly withdrew, and embarked in their canoes, but were induced to return. Terms were finally arranged, for the tribes were in no condition to enter upon war. But the period of amity was brief. Other parleys or "talks" followed between the Indians and the commanders of the forts, in which the former declared that they "had fought three times for their lands, and could fight again." This state of things continued four years, during which time there had always been a

strong peace party among the natives. Most unfortunately at this juncture, Rasle, the Jesuit missionary to the Norridgewocks, and other French personages, interfered, and changed the aspect of affairs. Unfortunately, too, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, with inexcusable rashness, and in opposition to the judgment of the Governor, determined to obtain the person of Rasle at all hazards, and raised a body of troops to accomplish that purpose, and to carry desolation to the Norridgewocks; while, to add to the intensity of the excitement, the younger Castine, (as stated in our notice of him,) on suspicion that he was in the Jesuit's confidence, and favored French interests generally, was made prisoner, and sent to Boston, where the House, still in an angry mood, would have tried him for his alleged offences. But the honor of the government was saved by the pertinacity of the lawyers, who said, and truly, that he could not be held to answer in Suffolk County for acts committed in the region of his own home in Maine. Yet Castine was detained for months, which outrage, with the allegation that "you Englishmen have taken the lands which the great God has given our fathers and us," and the ill-advised proceedings already mentioned, produced a rupture. The Anasagunticooks opened the war, and the Penobscots, nothing loath, followed. Omitting as before all details of battles, we barely remark, that, as relates to the latter tribe, they suffered all the hardships incident to hostilities, to poverty, disease, and famine.

For the *fifth* war the Penobscots are responsible; and it would seem that the young warriors were in the ascendancy. At the earliest appearance of uneasiness, Massachusetts, as never before, was unwearied in endeavors to arrest their disaffection; and so, too, when one of the tribe was found slain by unknown hands, the government adopted every proper measure to redress the injury. But England and France were again in arms, and, encouraged by the French colonial authorities, and refusing to side with the English, as by treaty they were bound to do, they finally withdrew their trade at the truck-houses, held frequent conference with the tribes in Canada, and otherwise demeaned themselves in a manner which drew from Massachusetts a procla-

mation that amicable relations were at an end. The nature of the warfare which followed differed, however, from any that had preceded. There was little laying waste of English settlements, little of general and indiscriminate slaughter. The torch and tomahawk were used principally to gratify malice against particular persons or families; and though dwellings were plundered to relieve their necessities and to gratify their love of trinkets and finery, and captives and scalps taken for the sake of the bounty paid by the French, they are to be commended for acts of humanity never before evinced towards their foes.

The causes of the *sixth* and last war were complicated. The government did much to avoid a rupture. At one time commissioners conferred with the chiefs at the fort on the St. George's; and having, as they supposed, restored harmony, they fired salutes, made feasts and presents, and departed. But in another year new disaffection required new "talks" and new gifts. Still later there was a third conference, when the Indians excused themselves by casting blame on a Jesuit, who, they said, had advised them to defend their territories. At this time a hostile disposition was so manifest, that the settlers watched their every movement with fearful anxiety, strengthened their dwellings, and collected to build log garrison-houses. In this state of things, and in 1755, James Cargill, of Newcastle or Bristol, Maine, who had been a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and who was a colonel in the militia, and then on recruiting service, must needs conduct his recruits into the country owned by the tribe, and, on discovery of a party of hunters, shoot down and scalp twelve of them. The victims, it was believed, were all Penobscots, as Cargill knew, though another account is that he took no pains to ascertain whether they were friends or foes, or whether they belonged to one tribe or another. The next exploit of this miscreant and his party was the murder of the Indian woman, Margaret Moxa, without the slightest provocation, and in mere wantonness. She was known as a very angel of mercy in the whole region around, and was at that moment on a mission of peace and good-will to the garrison on the St. George's. The faithful creature asked in dying tones that her in-

fant might be taken to the fort. Incredible as it may seem, this poor boon was denied, and the child was butchered before her eyes. Margaret was the namesake of two beautiful young girls, who mourned for her as for a sister. The government sent kind messages to the chiefs, and presents and words of condolence to the immediate sufferers. Cargill was arrested, tried, and acquitted. "No white man," at that time, wrote a careful pen, "would have been executed for murdering Indians." Entitled by law to a bounty for the scalps of his victims, he claimed and received a sum equal to two thousand dollars from the public treasury. Were not these facts well authenticated, we should not dare to state them. The warriors could be restrained no longer. They met in council, and related their wrongs. The speech of the principal speaker has been preserved, and, as we conclude, much as it was delivered. "Sound the war-whoop. Strike through the false-hearted white man. The spirits of our murdered brothers call to us for revenge. Sister widows cry,—orphans too. Our Heavenly Father, pity our mourners. Avenge ill-treated Indians. Did ever Englishmen come to Indian's wigwam faint, and go away hungry? Never. Where shall Indians go? Here were we born. Here our fathers died. Here, too, we will live. This land, this river, is ours. Arise. Join Frenchmen. Fight Englishmen. They shall die." These extracts are sufficient. We may imagine that the placable and peaceable Orono,—who was then but a chief of secondary rank,—true to his nature, uttered: "Aun-tah! aun-tah! Num-e-se-comele-ent. Melunk-senah, spum-keag aio, one-lea-neh neo-nah noa-chee num-e-se-comele-ent tah-hah-la-we-u-keap-ma-che-ke-cheek. A-que-he saw-got woo-saw-me saw-got neo-nah."* And so, too, we may imagine the wailings in the wigwam, for we know that the Indian mothers had often said they were "weary of bearing children to be slain in war."

Meantime, the government had determined on extremities. The House of Representatives urged immediate proclamation of hostilities, but the Council refused

* No! No! We forgive. Our Father in heaven! give us the power to forgive all wrong-doers. Lead us not to evil things, because of evil things to us.

assent. The House insisted, and addressed the Governor, who replied, that, unless the dissenting branch concurred, nothing could be done. The Council yielded. In the events that followed, the Penobscots acquitted themselves poorly, almost ignominiously. Their French allies soon neglected, and finally abandoned them. The losses in battle, the losses by small-pox, and the wasting of strength and life by intemperance and by famine, completed their catalogue of woes. Gladly accepting at last terms of accommodation, they concluded peace in the Council-chamber, Boston, and "without restrictions or limitations" acknowledged themselves "subjects to the crown of Great Britain." From 1675 to 1760 were eighty-five years, of which thirty-six were of war.*

Our writers delight to depict the horrors of the Indian's warfare. We are told that, with stealthy steps, and at midnight, he emerges from his lairs in the forest, and, uttering his fearful "Ho! ho! ho!" † makes his slumbering victims to perish by his tomahawk or his torch. We are told that his pathway is to be traced by the blaze of the dwellings which he fires; by blackened ruins, and half-consumed bones; by the shrieks of mothers, and the wail of infants; by the groans of the maimed, the butchered, and the dying. Be it all so, and what then? In morals, in humanity, are the brand, the club, the hatchet, and the knife, in the hands of a gaunt, half-famished "savage," more cruel, more destructive instruments than the cannon, the bomb, and the rocket, directed by the skill of the trained, the scientific, the well-fed, well-sheltered, and well-clothed Gaul and Anglo-Saxon? Philip, and Madockawando his contemporary, Brandt of the Revolutionary era, and Tecumseh of our own century, are held up as "hellish monsters," as "damnable wretches," for they were "savages"; but were they Englishmen and Frenchmen, and now alive, and returned from the Crimea, they would be "Christian" earls and dukes, and the world's wonder, and brave gen-

* The 1st, from 1675 to 1678.

" 2d, " 1688 " 1699.
" 3d, " 1703 " 1713.
" 4th, " 1722 " 1725.
" 5th, " 1745 " 1749.
" 6th, " 1755 " 1760.

† The yell, of which we hear so much.

tlemen, and accomplished military leaders. And so, too, it is everywhere written that the "savage" takes scalps; but who cares to record in his behalf, that for this he has good "Christian" warrant; that Massachusetts, in one of the wars against the Penobscots, offered a bounty of fifteen pounds for every scalp taken from a male Indian of twelve years of age and upwards, and of eight pounds for every captive woman and child. Nay, that, in a later war against the same tribe, the bounty for the scalp of a female or a child was fifty pounds, and for the male scalp one hundred pounds, to persons in the public service, and more than double that sum to volunteer scalpers who drew no pay nor rations.

Again, we are shocked with the woes, as related in "Narratives," of those of our own race, who, Indian captives, were retained by their captors, or sold to the French. But is it not true, on the other hand, that more red men were sent to Boston in a single year, to be shipped and bargained into foreign slavery, than were retained or carried to Canada by all the tribes in Maine during the six wars and the thirty-six years of war we have just noticed? Still again: our writers pause to comment, that, when one "savage" nation was aggrieved, another, that had no part in the difficulty, took sides with their kinsmen, as alternately did the Penobscots, the Anasagunticooks, and the Norridgewocks. With "Christians," this is quite right. It was thought noble, patriotic, in monarchical and Episcopal Virginia, without immediate and pressing wrongs of her own, to send her illustrious son to command the "warriors" of republican and Puritan Massachusetts; nor was it deemed specially blameworthy that France, to humble her ancient foe, aided us in achieving our freedom. Be these examples as they may, there was just now seen an alliance with Mahometan Turkey — harems and all — which, as has been bitterly said, "pronounced every wife and mother in England and France no better than a concubine"; and which, in its political objects, is entitled to far deeper condemnation than any combination or conspiracy to be found in the whole of Indian history. It is possible, then, that on the subjects of scalps, of captives, and of alliances, the "Christians" can be put upon their defence, as well as the "savages"; and in general war-

fare, what deeds of the Indian are so dark and damning, from first to last, as those perpetrated by our race against the Pequods, when villages were set on fire, and hundreds of women and children were burned and slain at a time, that, as one of the actors blasphemous, "God's name might have the glory"!

The earliest English voyager to the Eastern waters, both cheat and thief, exacted forty beaver-skins for trinkets which cost but a crown, and stole and carried home four of the natives; and thus laid the foundation for their hatred to his countrymen, which the Puritans did much to increase and perpetuate. That the Indians east of the Piscataqua remained at peace for fifty years, and that their first outbreak was at the period when Massachusetts purchased Maine of Gorges's heir, are significant facts. The experience of Roger Williams the Baptist in Rhode Island, of Lord Baltimore the Catholic in Maryland, of Penn the Quaker in Pennsylvania, and of Oglethorpe the Episcopalian in Georgia, are also of importance, to show that it was in the power of the Puritans of Massachusetts to have preserved more amicable relations with the tribes within *their* jurisdiction than ever existed; and we deliberately express the opinion that, had William Dummer* been at the head of affairs from 1675 to 1760, not one of the six wars with the Indians of Maine would have occurred. We delight to do honor to this just magistrate, and to say that, munificent as were his charities in life, and liberal as were his bequests to purposes of mercy and religion at his death, he left no better memorials than his treaty with the Penobscots in 1726, and his general course of righteousness towards them and other "savages" with whom he had official intercourse. It was the misfortune of Massachusetts, under the second charter,

* For the sake of brevity, we have spoken of William Dummer as *Governor*: he was but *Lieutenant-Governor* by commission. When, in 1723, Shute abandoned the executive chair, and Massachusetts, in hot haste, Dummer succeeded to the head of affairs, and administered the government until 1728, and the arrival of Burnet, son of the celebrated bishop of that name. So, from the death of Burnet to the coming of Belcher, Dummer was again acting chief magistrate. Shute bequeathed him a quarrel with the popular branch, and an Indian war. He retired in 1730, and died at Boston in 1761. Among the published sermons of the elder Dr. Byles, is one on the occasion of his decease.

to be governed by men who were appointed by the crown. Some of the Governors were gentlemen of character and ability; but others lacked capacity or integrity to preserve quiet in the little town of Hull. Yet in justice we may excuse several in this, that, while the Indian tribes were distant, the officials who possessed the executive ear, and the people generally, treated the story of the red men's wrongs as either exaggerated or fabulous, and, in the spirit of Dr. Johnson when our fathers were in rebellion, thought they were "a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

Still, and to be just, it should be stated that there were "some nice people," as Cotton Mather calls them, who "had their scruples about the justice" of the measures pursued in his day, of whom he mentions "one Tom Maule," a Quaker of Salem, who "hath exposed unto the public a volume of nonsensical blasphemies and heresies, wherein he sets himself to defend the Indians in their bloody villanies, and revile the country for defending itself against them"; and, adds the minister of the North Church, "the fittest way to answer him would be to send him to Boston woods." In subsequent generations, there is ample evidence of "Tom Maules," and others of generous hearts and able pens, who, in various ways, endeavored to move the public heart in behalf of the sons of the forest.

The military career of the Penobscots terminated in 1760, for the story of their participation in the Revolution is a mere myth. The facts are these, and we relate them the more minutely because of the errors of tradition and of written statement. It is true that the Congress of Massachusetts, and of the continent, evinced solicitude to secure their services, but equally true that failure was well-nigh total. On the 15th of May, 1775, a letter was reported to the former body, addressed to the Penobscots, in which, after a narration of the reasons for an appeal to arms, it is said: "We want to know what you, our good brothers, want from us of clothing, or warlike stores, and we will supply you as fast as we can. We will do all for you we can, and fight to save you any time, and hope that none of your men, or the Indians in Canada, will join our enemies." This communication

further stated, that some of the Stockbridges had already enlisted as soldiers, that each one had received a blanket and a ribbon, that every Penobscot on being enrolled would receive the same, and that Captain John Lane "will show you his orders for raising one company of your men to join with us in the war with your and our enemies." This letter was accepted, authenticated, and transmitted. It appears from Lane's journal, that, on the 22d, James Sullivan delivered the necessary papers with orders from Congress; that he consulted General Preble at Portland, and thence proceeded to perform his mission. Lane also records, that he stopped at Fort Pownall, where he procured an interpreter; that he met some of the chiefs on the 2d of June, and made known his business; that there was a second "talk" on the following day, when it was agreed to hold another conference on Sunday, the 4th, and to come to a definite understanding. The chiefs were too wary to commit themselves in this way, and to an agent of Congress, and preferred, as Indians always do, to treat with principals;* while besides, as will be seen, conditions were to be complied with on the part of the Whig leaders as an equivalent.

Hence, Lane enlisted no men; but he says that the chiefs agreed to send "an ambassador," with three young men to attend him, and Andrew Gilman to act as his interpreter. The "ambassador" was of course Orono, the head chief, and his attendants were Poreis, Jo Peare, and Messhall. The party were at Fort Pownall on the 9th of June, where Lane wrote Joseph Warren that he "could not have thought that they had been so hearty in the cause, or so ready to assist us if occasion requires." On the 14th, Orono conferred with his old friend Preble, at Portland; but he was still cautious in

* This is a marked trait in Indian character. The chiefs of the Eastern tribes were never satisfied, unless they could conclude terms with the Governor in person, either at Boston or Portland. After Massachusetts became a commonwealth, the sachems, upon the merest pretence, must needs go and see the "Gubbernur." Since the separation, the frequent visits to the capital of Maine, as the writer has occasion to know, have been annoying in the extreme. In olden time, the proud Philip furnishes an illustration not to be omitted here. "Your Governor," said he to a commissioner of Massachusetts, "is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my brother. When he comes, I am ready."

making pledges, since the latter, in a letter to Warren, remarks, "He reserves what he has chiefly to say till he comes to the Congress"; yet he probably stated his terms of adhesion, for we find in another communication the expression of a hope that his "expectations would be answered"; for, as a consequence, "a foundation would be laid for securing to our interest the whole tribe." On the 19th, immediately after the passage of a resolve to fill the vacancy in the army occasioned by the fall of Warren, the papers of Lane were read in Congress, and referred to a committee; while on the same day another committee was appointed to confer with Orono and his suite, and to provide proper entertainment for them during their stay at Watertown. Intense excitement prevailed, for the memorable event of two days previous agitated every bosom.* But the second committee, prompt in the performance of their duty, reported on the 21st the result of their interview with the chiefs. Orono, they stated, had spoken thus: "The representation I now make, and the engagements I enter into, are in behalf of the whole tribe I represent. My heart is good, honest, and upright in all I say. The English are a people old and strong; but we are children and weak. We have a large tract of land, which we have a right to call our own, and have possessed, accordingly, for many years. These lands have been encroached upon by the English, who have for miles on end cut much of our good timber. We ask that you would interpose, and prevent such encroachments for the future; and we will assist you with all our power in the common defence of our country; and we hope, if the Almighty be on our side, the enemy will not be able to deprive us of our lands. We request that Captain Lane be our agent, to settle all matters relative to the above difficulties respecting our lands. We desire a commissary may be sent among us, of whom we may purchase goods. We desire provisions, and powder, which we will buy at a reasonable rate. We have been much imposed upon by your traders, and desire such evils may be by you prevented."†

The Congress, after some preliminary remarks, prom-

* The battle of Bunker's Hill.

† We have changed the pronouns, the tense of some of the verbs, and omitted a few unimportant words.

ised satisfaction in the matter of felling the pines, by forbidding any "person or persons whatsoever from trespassing or making waste upon any of their territories," beginning at the head of the tide on Penobscot River, extending six miles on each side of said river, now claimed by our brethren, the Indians of the Penobscot tribe, as they would avoid the highest displeasure of this Congress."

Thanks for the "generous offers of friendship and assistance in our present war," with assurance that, as soon as the duties consequent upon the battle on Bunker's Hill would allow, a proper commissary, with the articles they needed, should be sent, and that measures should be adopted to prevent fraudulent traffic with them, followed; while the request that Lane should be their agent was complied with, and power given him to report to Congress "any molestations or depredations" which they might thereafter sustain, to the end that "such redress as their circumstances might require" should be afforded. A present of two yards of blue cloth, a piece of ribbon, and a pair of shoes to each of the chiefs, and the payment of their expenses, concluded the mission, and Orono returned to his people. The services of Lane were rewarded by a commission as captain, with authority to raise a company; and Gilman, receiving the appointment of an "honorary" lieutenant, was directed to watch the movements of the Eastern tribes, and promote a friendly disposition to the Whig cause among them.

Such were the principal incidents of the first year of the war. The chiefs could not have been satisfied. They had never consented to the grants of their land by Massachusetts under the colonial government on the river below the head of the tide; nor had they ever limited their territory on its banks, above or below, to six miles in breadth. The promise to protect them, if performed, did not therefore meet the case.

Washington, in July, 1776, wrote the Congress of Massachusetts from New York, that he had been authorized "to call to our aid as many of the St. John's, Nova Scotia, and Penobscot Indians as he might judge necessary." He remarked further, that he considered "this service of great importance, particularly if the enemy should attempt an impression into the interior parts of

the country." And he asked that body to engage immediately, on the best terms they could, "five or six hundred men of these tribes, and to have them marched with all possible expedition to join the army" at New York. As they had professed a strong inclination to take part in the contest, he thought it probable they would engage for less pay and on better terms than the continental troops; but if not, they would be allowed the same. He wished that they might be enlisted for two or three years, unless sooner discharged by him, and he enjoined that, if possible, every man should bring his firelock. This earnest request of the illustrious Commander-in-chief was followed the same month by a letter from James Bowdoin, who heartily concurred in the proposed measure, and urged its adoption. An attempt was at once made to comply. We have before us a letter from Thomas Fletcher, dated on the Penobscot River in August, 1776, addressed to the Council of Massachusetts, in which he communicates his disappointment. "The Indians met him," he says, at "the Falls,"* in eighteen canoes, when he read to them his instructions, and Washington's request that they would enlist in the army. They replied, substantially, as he relates, that none of their young men could be spared, for they might be wanted to defend themselves against the English, who might induce the French and the bad Indians in Canada to invade and destroy them. Upon this information, the matter seemed so hopeless for the Whigs, that Fletcher was directed to pay over to the receiver-general the funds intrusted to him as a recruiting agent to the tribe. A month later, Jedediah Preble junior and Jeremiah Colburn stated to the Council, that the Penobscots evinced a disposition so hostile, that they could not be relied on, and that, indeed, a small force should be sent to prevent them from joining the enemy. Immediately on this intelligence, a resolve was passed authorizing the employment of a guard under command of Gilman, and of the enlistment of ten Indians as a part of it, the corps to be placed on "the same establishment with the men raised for the defence of the sea-coast." Gilman was soon transferred to the main army, and the

* Their present village, we suppose.

guard was placed under the orders of Colonel Josiah Brewer. In October, 1776, Washington was officially informed that seven of the Penobscots had enlisted in the continental line for the term of one year; that they were then at Watertown, on their way to New York; that they were destitute of clothing, and had been supplied to the value of some twenty pounds, which should be deducted from their pay. Here ends all evidence that the warriors of this tribe were in the Revolution, unless we include the service which a few rendered as guides to the seamen of Saltonstall's fleet in their journey through the wilderness to Kennebec, after the disastrous attempt on the enemy's post at Castine; and unless we include, too, the scouts sent by Orono to the Whigs with information of the movements of British ships and troops in Maine, whenever occasion offered. Yet it was meritorious that, though the British took possession of the country east of the Penobscot River, and established a garrison at its mouth which they maintained until the peace, the people of whom we speak, notwithstanding their partial alienation, continued neutral; and that individuals of their number remained faithful to the side which they originally espoused. That Orono bore a letter from the leading Whig in Maine, and the first commander of the Massachusetts army, to the great martyr of the 17th of June; that Sullivan, Bowdoin, and Brooks, afterwards in turn Governors of the Commonwealth, and Lincoln, who at the close of the contest received the sword of Cornwallis, and Church, as able as either, but an apostate of unhappy fate, and that Washington himself was solicitous for the adhesion and military aid of the Penobscots, prove that they still possessed strength, and were thought of importance in the struggle. The reasons for the failure of a measure countenanced by persons so distinguished can only be conjectured; but it may not be wide of the truth, perhaps, to conclude that Orono and his associate chiefs were offended because his overture to Congress, at Watertown, in 1775, was not met as frankly as it was made; and that the conditions as to trespassers on their pine lands, unsatisfactory as they were, in the pressure of the business which devolved on the Whig rulers, were but partially observed, if not wholly neglected. And this

view derives support from the fact that, as we have seen, the stipulations relative to the truck-house were not fulfilled in the sense intended by the parties, which omission of duty on the part of the Whigs was of the last consequence to the Indians, as depriving them of blankets and cloths for dress, and of guns and ammunition to secure their daily food.

At the Revolution, the ungranted lands of Maine held by the British crown, as well as large tracts held by Loyalists, or Tories, became vested in Massachusetts; and at the close of the struggle, the attention of gentlemen of that State, and of adventurers elsewhere, was directed to them as a sure means to increase or acquire fortunes. The documents of the time show indeed, that, for ten or fifteen years after the peace, the mania for "Eastern lands" was quite as intense as that which prevailed within a very recent period. The pine forests and the mill-sites of the Penobscots were of great value, and were wanted by the "operators" of the day. Accordingly, in 1784, commissioners were appointed by Massachusetts to negotiate a cession. The result was the purchase in 1786, *for three hundred and fifty blankets, two hundred pounds of powder, and a quantity of shot and flints*, of the country on the Penobscot River to the Piscataquis stream on the one bank, and to the Metawamkeag on the other, save the islands between the falls at Oldtown and the mouths of these tributaries. This, as far as we have been able to discover, was the first actual cession, and these paltry presents was the first pretended equivalent. But the country *below* Bangor, on both banks of the river and bay, had passed from their possession. On the westerly side, the grant known in later times as the "Waldo Patent" embraced the whole. While easterly, the colonial government had seized and appropriated every acre of the mainland, and all the islands, two of inconsiderable size only excepted. Thus the Penobscots had lost a large part of their domain before the new masters whom they had offered to serve set *their* covetous eyes on the territory *above* the head of tide-waters. There remained to the Indians, then, after the bargain in 1786 was concluded, two islands near the sea, the islands just mentioned, and the tract above the Piscataquis and Metawamkeag, and northerly from them

without defined limits; and these were guaranteed in quiet possession, as the chief supposed, for ever.* But the government of Massachusetts understood the matter differently, and difficulties soon arose between the contracting parties, which, increasing until 1796, were adjusted, as then appeared, by a new treaty. In this second convention, the Penobscots ceded the mainland on both sides of the river for a distance of thirty miles, commencing at a designated rock in Eddington; but retained the river islands, and the territory above the thirty-mile line so drawn, northerly and indefinitely. The consideration for the cession was, *one hundred and fifty yards of blue woollens, four hundred pounds of shot, one hundred pounds of powder, one hundred bushels of corn, thirteen bushels of salt, thirty-six hats, and a barrel of rum*, in hand, with an annuity of *three hundred bushels of corn, fifty pounds of powder, two hundred pounds of shot, and seventy-five yards of blue cloth.*† This tract was surveyed into nine townships, and offered to purchasers in quarter-townships at a price the acre which, if received, placed in the treasury upwards of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars! Such was the dealing of Christians with these helpless Indians in the year 1796.

In 1818, owing to various causes, the Penobscots had become poor; and well do we remember their distresses, and the sympathy of individuals in behalf of their women and children. In the poverty of the tribe, sales of pine timber were made by their chiefs, on the lands which they reserved in the last treaty, much to the displeasure of Massachusetts, on the ground that the fee was in the State, and that the mere right to occupy, to fish, and to hunt was all that could be enjoyed by the Indians, unless, indeed, they might embrace an agricultural life, of which there could have been no hope; for then the keenest Anglo-Saxon eye saw nothing in Maine east of the Kennebec but pine-trees, and water-power to saw them into marketable shapes.

In this posture of affairs, a commission was created to

* The words of the treaty are, that all the lands on the Penobscot River above the two streams named in the tract "should lie as hunting-grounds for the Indians, and *should not be laid out or settled by the State, or engrossed by individuals.*"

† This annuity is about equal to \$ 600.

open a third negotiation. Early in 1819, a convention was ratified by which the Commonwealth obtained the whole of the remaining country, excepting four townships of mainland, six miles square, and the islands, so often mentioned, in the Penobscot River. We have not room to record the various articles which were to be delivered to the chiefs annually as payment for this cession; but we state with pleasure that the quantities of food, cloth, and ammunition were considerably more than in 1796, and that provision was made for the repair of the Indian church, and for the employment of a teacher in husbandry; while, beside, the women and maidens were presented with several hundred yards of calico and ribbon. In fine, there is a spirit of liberality in this treaty which was manifested on no former occasion. But yet, Massachusetts has little reason to plume herself on her course towards the Penobscots while they were under her guardianship. The Indian domain, though worth a million at the periods of cession, and several millions now, cost her at most less than thirty-five thousand dollars, as she herself estimated, when, at the separation, an arrangement was suggested by which Maine was to assume the payment of the annuities stipulated in the treaties to which we have referred. Maine, on becoming an independent State, in 1820, assumed the control of Indian affairs within her borders; and, in 1833, appointed commissioners to dispose of the four townships reserved by the Penobscots in the convention of 1819. The purchase-money, amounting to some fifty-five thousand dollars, was invested under the direction of the State, and remains entire. The interest of this fund is divided annually in equal shares; and in addition, the annuities under the treaties with Massachusetts are continued, and cannot be withheld, if good faith be observed, while the Penobscots shall exist as a nation. These two sources of income, with the islands, constitute now the only public or common property of the tribe. The islands, to rely upon our own count in 1852, are twenty-seven or eight in number. Some are low, small, and of little value; but others are beautiful in surface and situation, and sufficient in size and in richness of soil for the support of one or more families.

The place of the Penobscots' abode may next claim

our attention. Tradition, and even written history, do but confuse the inquirer. Many fragmentary incidents tend to the opinion, that two centuries ago they lived on the sea-shore in the vicinity of Castine; while, on the other hand, it is affirmed that their principal home has ever been on the river above Bangor. Previous to the fourth war, they had a village which was defended by a fort some seventy yards long and fifty wide, with a stockade fourteen feet high, and which, from the description of the islands near it, was probably on Oldtown island, their present seat. The whole, including a chapel sixty feet by thirty, well and even handsomely finished, and the friar's house, were burned in 1723 by Westbrooke, who, after Massachusetts had proclaimed the Eastern tribes to be traitors and robbers, led a force to the river for the double purpose of destruction and of obtaining the bounty on Indian scalps. In the last his followers were disappointed, as the village had been entirely deserted for months. Two years later a second village, which also contained a chapel, and was built within the limits of Bangor, three miles above the mouth of the Kenduskeag stream, was laid in ashes by Heath, who came across the country from the Kennebec at the head of a company panting to use the firebrand and the scalping-knife; but these, too, found only vacant wigwams. It is supposed that after Heath's exploit the tribe returned to Oldtown, and have never since permanently occupied any other place. This town is twelve miles northerly of Bangor, and immediately above the Falls. The island contains about three hundred acres; the soil is good, but we dissent from those who call it beautiful either in surface or situation. At present, much of it is overrun with coarse grass and weeds. Were streets to be laid out through the village, and roads elsewhere,—were some of the buildings to be removed into line, and were the burying-ground, church, and council-house to be kept in order,—and these improvements can all be easily made,—Oldtown would become somewhat inviting to strangers of taste. Below — and so near that the eye embraces both the Indians and the operations of the lumberers at a glance — below the island are several saw-mills, one of which, the property of General Samuel Veazie, is about four hun-

dred feet long, and yields the princely sum of twenty-five thousand dollars annual rent. This gentleman informed us that he had become proprietor of the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, and that the bridge which here crosses the Penobscot cost him quite sixty thousand dollars. Immense quantities of lumber, of all shapes and for all purposes, are manufactured by these mills, and sent to the great mart below for shipment. The rafting to descend the river; the machinery for hauling logs into the mills; the rapidity with which gang-saws, up and down single saws, and circular saws, make timber, planks, boards, shingles, pickets, clapboards, and laths; the roar of the falls; the blows of the choppers; the harsh sounds of the saws; the skill, dexterity, and daring of the river-drivers, stationed at the foot of the sluice, in clearing the "jams" of logs which, in their plungings and whirlings and crossings, pile up in wondrous confusion, and oftentimes in huge masses; the red shirts and Kossuth hats, with streaming ribbons, of the workmen;—all these fix the attention of the visitor, albeit he has gazed and admired for years. The friend who accompanied us in our last visit (1855), a graduate of Harvard, and a novice in woodcraft, was spellbound with the scene; nor was it until nightfall, and the last train of cars, that he would consent to end his wanderings, his questionings, and his musings. But he had his revenge for the interruption, since he talked of little else than the wondrous doings with pines and spruces, in stream, in mill, and in sluice, the journey long; and constantly accused us of hurrying him off and of preventing "one ramble more."

Every past generation depended upon the forest and the fishery for support. But since game has become distant, the hardy and adventurous are the only hunters; and in the decrease of the salmon, the shad, and the alewife, the Penobscots have been compelled to adopt several of the employments of their Anglo-Saxon brethren. Thus, some are attempting to become seamen, some work in the woods as lumberers, and engage in the perils of river-driving, and receive ample wages; others have lands set off in severalty upon their own islands, which they cultivate with some skill; still others seek day-labor among the whites; while another

class are mere idle, dissolute drones, and roam the country or paddle to the sea-shore, a pest, as they ever have been, to the neighborhood in which they set up their camps. Yet in the matter of industry the change for the better has been beyond the hope of the most sanguine; and this has produced a corresponding increase of property and comfort. In our boyhood we always gambolled with the Indian boy in the wigwam, a structure of poles and bark, without doors or windows, or floor or chimney, and furnished with a few skins and blankets, a pot and kettle, and mayhap with bark and wooden dishes, with everything in and around to offend the eye and the nostril. But now not a single wigwam remains on the principal island; every family inhabits the "white man's house," many sleep on the "white man's bed," and possess the most useful of the "white man's things," or furniture, while some live in dwellings of tasteful appearance, of convenient apartments, and well-considered arrangements. Nay, more, and better than all, there is a general cleanliness which once no one thought possible. The best house we saw (in 1855) is owned by Joseph Poris, whose wife is Molly Sockbasen, a Passamaquoddy. It is of two stories, stands upon a sort of terrace not destitute of shrubbery, is well painted, and has blinds. Molly received our little party very graciously. We soon discovered that she was far gone in her "white sisters' ways," for when asked by her husband in her own vernacular to allow us to look about her domicile, she replied in tolerable English, that really not a place was in order,— everything was in confusion,— she had been so busy,— she did not expect gentlemen,— and so on, according to the rule by womankind in such cases made and provided; but though she has not arrived at *all* the mysteries of the dusting-cloth, we found her parlor-carpet clean, her centre-table and chairs in approved position, her sheets white, and beds neatly spread, her prints suspended on the walls something as she had elsewhere seen, her dishes arranged in showy piles and rows, and her stoves and cooking utensils of proper and uniform hue. We observed, also, that the principal rooms were painted and papered, and that Poris, mindful of the smoke, the talk, and the dance, had finished a hall in

the second story quite sufficient to accommodate all his friends, who, of course, belong to the "upper class." We told Molly at parting that her name should appear in print, both because her housekeeping deserved the mention, and because, as our page would be preserved, some writer ages hence might be glad to use it to mark the progress or decline in civilization of her husband's people.

In dress, too, the change has been well-nigh universal in both sexes. The three-cornered cloth cap, the loose sort of garment which covered the person to the knees and was kept closed in front by a girdle or a belt, the blanket in clumsy folds about the loins, the leggin, and moccaſon, have given place substantially to articles worn by our own race. Some of the males, on occasion, are as well and as fashionably clad as can be wished; and the females, though still wearing the hat, appear in frocks of ample gathers, tucks, and flounces, and in neatly fitted hose and shoes.

As relates to temperance, well-informed persons express the opinion that there has been no marked improvement. We are assured that nearly half of the adult males use intoxicating liquors, that many are guilty of the most beastly excesses, and that some spend everything they can earn to gratify their appetite. But this account does not meet the case. We recall the time when drunken Indians were the terror of all the river towns, when children were chased in the road, and driven from home and from the school-room. We have stood by our own mother with her little flock clinging to her knees, pale, motionless, and horror-stricken, when, with a drawn knife, the red maniac yelled out, as he staggered to reach the group, "Lum, lum! — me speak lum! — you no stamina?"* and more than once was our parental fireside invaded by a Penobscot in this wise, and by the inebriate, who, too helpless to attempt harm, fell dead drunk upon the floor, and coiled himself up as no one but an Indian can do, to sleep off his debauch, while all others, tearful and sleepless, watched the night long for manifestations of consciousness, and the terrible outbreaks of ferocity which always marked the first

* Rum ! I want rum ! don't you understand ?

hours of returning sobriety. No such scenes, as we are advised, have occurred recently, and hence we infer that intemperance is on the decline, or at least that its victims conduct themselves with more propriety than formerly. We hear of freaks of fun by the inebrates of the present generation, rather than of threats of violence to the defenceless, as in the past. Thus we are told of one who, dressed sometimes in a military uniform, and sometimes in the apparel of the fantastic, paraded the streets of Bangor, with a troop of idlers at his heels; and of a father and son, who, both confirmed vagrants, drunkards, and fiddlers, and cross-eyed, and barefooted, and the wags of the tribe, always attracted crowds, and excited the laugh and the shout.

The only serious attempt to educate the Penobscots is of recent date. Some of them, strangely enough, strongly opposed the measure when first suggested, and for years. Those, however, to whom we have spoken, cast the blame on their religious teacher, who feared as a certain result, they aver, apostasy from the Catholic faith. It is believed that all opposition has ceased, and that the parents and children have generally become interested. Maine makes an appropriation every year, which, originally two hundred dollars, has been gradually increased, until it is now nearly twice that sum. A male teacher has been employed in winter, and a female in summer. The school-room is low, dilapidated, badly ventilated, and inconvenient in arrangement, but is furnished with a blackboard and timepiecee, and, we were informed, with maps and a globe. We have seen several maps executed by Indian children which evinced some proficiency, and have listened to accounts of very great progress in several other branches of study. Yet we incline to think that few are more than ordinary writers, readers, and spellers. The first school was of course established at Oldtown; as the children upon the islands above were deprived of its advantages, a second, kept in a private dwelling on an isle opposite Lincoln, was lately organized, and may become permanent either there or at some convenient point. The average attendance at both is from fifty-five to sixty, the largest number being at the lower school. The inauspicious circumstance is, that, in the dispersion of the

children from the Falls to Metawamkeag, a distance of more than forty miles, disagreements will arise as to the apportionment of the school-money at different places, and that, in the jealousies and alienations almost sure to follow, teaching everywhere will be suspended, and the endeavor to educate the young fail. Yet, as wise men are aware of this, and will sedulously guard against it, and will try, as sound discretion shall warrant, to increase the allowance of the State to an amount to support several teachers, we may hope that *this*, the *last* experiment which can ever be made in New England to elevate the red man, will succeed, and succeed beyond all cavil or dispute.

We must not omit the Indian maidens. Some are both pretty and witty. Molly Molasses, who is yet alive, is among the *past* beauties; her picture, by Hardy, delighted herself and others, and is considered a faithful delineation of the charms which in her youth attracted admiration. In 1852, while on board the steamer which plies on the upper Penobscot, we saw a girl of great personal loveliness, who was neatly attired in silk, who conversed with her fellow-passengers with modest propriety, and who, when off the island which contains her home, took leave of them with ease and grace. We passed in the street, the same year, a maiden clad in fine orange-colored stuff, who seemed to invite attention to her full, pretty face, the lofty toss of her head, and the pride of her slow and measured step. In 1855 we were less fortunate; as, missing sight of all of noticeable beauty, we appeased as well as we could the curiosity of two young gentlemen of our party, by obtaining the assurance of our Indian factotum, that one celebrated belle was up-river with her father, and another was down-stream on a visit. These examples will serve our purpose.

We have now accomplished our task as fully as our limits will allow. It has been our endeavor to deal with the subject as the student of history is ever bound to do; but if our readers think that we have been partial to the poor natives, we beg them to remember that

"Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclined."

We cling to the hope, we confess, that the Penobscots will become, in a measure at least, a civilized people. We know—and may hereafter state in detail in these pages—that every past effort to make the red man “all one white man” has failed, disastrously failed. We know that to propagate the Christian faith among the savages of the undiscovered world which Columbus sought to find was his dream by day and by night; and that, the deed accomplished, this world was given away by the head of the Catholic Church to the powers that would undertake the holy work. We know that in the earliest charter which passed the great seal of Protestant England, which covered the half of the inhabitable part of our country, the bringing of the “infidel savages” to a knowledge of the truth is stated as a primary object which moved the royal mind thereto; that the sentiment is repeated in the charter which next followed, and is everywhere repeated in the narratives of voyagers, and in the letters and the tracts of the time; that it is set out in the first charter to Massachusetts, and that the governor under it was required in his official oath to swear to use his best efforts to draw the natives to the knowledge of the true God. We know that in the later charters in other sections, the same great design is specially recognized; and that after repeated failures it was again renewed in the founding of Georgia,—the last of the thirteen colonies,—where, with the Wesleys for the heralds of salvation, success was deemed sure. Nor do we need to be reminded of the labors in this behalf of the Apostle Eliot and his son, of the five Mayhews, of the great Jonathan Edwards,* of the two Sergeants, the two Brainerds, and the two Cottons, of Bourne, Bryant, Forbes, Hawley, Frisbie, Badger, and Peabody, and a long roll of other worthy men, who, embracing every possible variety of talent, and every form of persuasive power, were alike in the single result of discomfiture; nor are we ignorant that the painstaking Moravian and the self-denying Methodist accomplished as little as the Congregationalist and the Baptist. The record of the Jesuit and of the Franciscan we have all by heart, and

* It was while he was a missionary to the Housatonic or Stockbridges, that he wrote his “Essay on the Will,”—considered one of the greatest efforts of the human mind.

we exhaust it, except in individual cases, in the mention of instructions which touched neither the head nor the heart, which taught the swinging of censers, the chant of *aves*, the sign of the cross, and the abstaining from eating beavers' tails in Lent. We know that the Indian father said in ages past, "My boy, he read book, and be rogue like white man," and that he says so yet; that there was once an Indian school connected with old Harvard, which had but a single graduate; that the well-considered plan of Wheelock was abandoned in despair, and that the continued and devoted labors of Kirkland, alike abortive as relates to the native youth, resulted in founding Dartmouth and Hamilton Colleges for the education of Anglo-Saxons. And so, too, we know that in our own day the experiment of conversion and of teaching has been renewed, and that beyond the Mississippi missions and schools have been established on a design far more comprehensive than ever before; and as we read the annual reports of the missionaries and instructors, we own that we are in doubt whether even this grand scheme, though undertaken under national auspices, will not in the end terminate like all that have preceded it; but yet, and while we abandon the Passamaquoddys, we cling to the Penobscots in hope. The circumstances are all favorable, and, as we would fain believe, *more* favorable than have existed, or do exist, elsewhere. And first, the history of the tribe, from the earliest knowledge of it, shows conclusively that it possesses more than ordinary strength of character, and more than ordinary recuperative power. In the second place, it has steadily increased in numbers during the last half-century, which is a fact of very noticeable significance, if we but recall that all over the country the red man has disappeared, or is rapidly disappearing. So, again, without effort on the part of the whites, the Penobscots, of their own motion, and by their own inherent energy, have made already considerable, nay, respectable progress in civilization. And lastly, their geographical position — unfortunate in olden times, but fortunate now — is an important element of success, because, living upon and owning islands only, their boundaries are as certain as the laws of the running stream which surrounds their homes, and territorial disputes are therefore at an

end ; because they utter their "Qua neecher,"* to men who are engaged in their own pursuits, to men with whom they constantly and unavoidably mingle on board of steamers, in the forest, and upon the farm, and who, themselves increasing in property and refinement, and treating their red brothers and sisters as neighbors and friends, allow full play to the influence of unrestrained intercourse. The continuance of the Penobscots upon their islands we regard as the hinge on which their destiny will turn ; and we earnestly counsel their head men, never, under any circumstances, to part with one of them. These, or a part only, alienated, dispersion and destruction are as certain as individual death. And we ask the gentlemen of Maine, of position, who feel an interest in and give direction to their affairs, that they prevent the division and distribution of the fund derived from the sale of the four townships, a measure which, as is well known, a part of the tribe has desired for years. That fund, if kept entire for a generation, may be of infinite service. Unless civilization shall be arrested, a church, a council-house, and school-houses, of durable materials and of architectural beauty, will become necessary.

At parting, a word to the young men and maidens. We entreat that you be punctual at school, and assiduous in study ; that you cultivate the virtues of temperance, of industry, of truthfulness, and of personal cleanliness. Abandon at once and for ever the barbarous sort of English of your fathers,— such as *sartin* for certain, *make-um* for make, *stamina* for understand, and the like. Use, too, the pronouns properly, and away with *me* for *I*; and in the genders, no longer call a woman *he*. Converse in the English tongue only, and utter nothing that you would fear to repeat at the altar, or in presence of your "white sisters." Test what you learn by writing an account of your isles, by letters to your young friends who are dispersed upon them ; and let the first scholar of attainments write the life of the ever blessed Cheverus, as a text-book for your schools. Let the young men before marriage have a lot of land set off in severalty, and possess the means to build and

* How do you do, my brother ?

decently furnish a house; and let the maiden, ere she pronounces her vows as a wife, be known and praised for her qualities as a housekeeper. Let neither sex persist longer in the Indian manner of sitting and disposing of the legs, that the crooked limb and ungraceful walk may disappear. Dress as well as you can afford to do, and, indeed, *some* extravagance in finery may be excused, since, in the end, your taste will be improved, and habits of neatness be promoted. In fine, do everything possible to ameliorate your general condition, and to form individual character by the standard of culture and of education. Many good men and women have your highest and best interests at heart, and will never abandon you if you but second their desire to have you become gentle, polite, and virtuous.

This sketch of your history, imperfect as it is, has caused the writer no little research and weary toil. Though some of his own race may read it, it is designed principally for you, and but for you it would not have been written. The initials below are those of a "preachman's papoose,"* who once could call most of your fathers by name, and who was the pet of your mothers. In his youth his parental home was the constant resort of both, and save when the awful "fire-water" had done its awful work, there was always peace and kindly offices. The deeds of love and sympathy only have been cherished, and grateful for these to himself, and to the dear ones now departed, he here discharges, for the benefit of the children, his obligations to the parents.

L. S.

* Minister's child.

ART. V.—THE GRINNELL EXPEDITIONS.*

THE two expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, undertaken through the liberality of Henry Grinnell of New York, who bore a large proportion of the expenses of both expeditions, were unprecedented in several respects. They were the result of the private zeal of a citizen of the United States, assisting in the search for lost officers of the British navy; the first expedition was frozen up in the open sea, and drifted nine weary months in the very heart of an ice-field, carried against their will to make new discoveries of land in the north, and again brought out into the open waters of Baffin's Bay; the second expedition penetrated farther north than civilized men had ever gone on American land, and suffered under longer darkness and more intense natural cold than had ever been experienced.

But we must remember that, in these regions where our countrymen have made two such successful voyages of discovery, the English government have for centuries been pushing the boundaries of geographical knowledge, and scarce one of their expeditions by land and by sea but would have furnished materials for a thrilling narrative, in the hands of so lively and faithful an historian as Dr. Kane. The earliest Arctic voyages were attempts to pass to China and India by the way of the northern coasts of Europe. Baffled for centuries in the efforts to penetrate those icy seas, navigators next attempted, in the sixteenth century, northwestern explorations; and the result, as it is well known, was the discovery of the coasts of Labrador, and of Baffin's and Hudson's Bays. But the ardor of discovery died away in the seventeenth century, or at least slumbered for a long time, scarcely showing itself until revived in 1817 by the reports of whalers that the Arctic seas were unusually free from ice. These led to new voyages, both to the north of England, directly towards the

* *The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Personal Narrative* by ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1854. 8vo. pp. 552.

Arctic Explorations: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54, '55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1856. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 464, 467.

Pole, and to the regions of Baffin's Bay. In 1819 Parry made his most fortunate and successful voyage to Melville Island. His wonderful success stimulated his countrymen to new efforts, which it is not to our purpose to enumerate. In 1845 Sir John Franklin was intrusted with the command of an expedition, of whose doings, and of whose fate, we are yet in partial and painful ignorance. Sir John had been for years familiar with Arctic life, his first visit to the icy seas having been in 1818 as a captain under Commodore Buchan. He had afterward led the party which performed the terrible overland journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River, when all were reduced to eating burnt leather, and scraping lichens from the rocks for food, and an Iroquois hunter attached to the party secretly murdered and ate one of the feeble stragglers. In conjunction with Sir John Richardson, he had explored the shores of Arctic America. His character eminently fitted him for such service, joining, as he did, to the courage, perseverance, enthusiasm, and prudence of a true hero, the gentler qualities of kindness and considerate forethought for others, which would bind his men to him by the strongest ties, and also be a greater safeguard among the Esquimaux than any weapons.

His instructions bear date May 5, 1845. He is directed to proceed with despatch to Davis's Strait, and enter Lancaster Sound with as little delay as possible; then to push westward without loss of time in the latitude of $74^{\circ} 15'$ to a cape discovered by Parry, in about 98° west longitude; from that point to use "every effort to endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward towards Behring's Straits." In case this is not practicable, he is told to try a passage farther north; and, should he be so fortunate as to accomplish a passage through Behring's Straits, to proceed to the Sandwich Islands to refit the ships and refresh the crews. He is instructed to take magnetical observations, and to understand that, although the effecting of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the main object of the expedition, yet the ascertaining of the position of the points of land they pass, and facts of geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoölogy, is not to be wholly neglected. He was provided with bottles and copper cylinders, in which he

was frequently to enclose memoranda of his position, and commit them to the sea.

The expedition, consisting of two ships and one hundred and thirty-eight men, started May 25, and arrived prosperously at the mouth of Wellington Channel — at least so appearances indicate — before winter; but the latest direct communication with them was by a whale-ship in July. They were fitted for a three year's absence. In January, 1848, the British government sent a brig to Behring's Straits to search for the missing ships, and make incidental observations of a scientific character; and in March they sent Sir John Richardson with a land party, by way of Lake Superior and the Copper-mine River, for similar purposes. The preparation for these researches was begun in 1847. In the spring of 1848 rewards were offered, both by the government and by Lady Jane Franklin, the noble wife of the navigator, to any whaler who should make any extraordinary exertions to discover traces of him. In May of the same year two ships were sent to follow in the same track, through Lancaster Sound. Neither of these expeditions resulted in any discovery of consequence. In 1849 Dr. Rae, from Sir John Richardson's party, and Commander Pullen from the Behring's Straits expedition, searched the northern shores of the continent and the nearest islands. Dr. Rae renewed these explorations for several successive years, and afterward, in 1854, in a similar tour, learned the sad fate of some of Sir John Franklin's party, who starved to death near the mouth of the Great Fish River.

On the 15th of January, 1850, orders were addressed to Captain Collinson to take two vessels and renew the search through Behring's Straits. One of these vessels, under McClure, succeeded in finding a Northwest Passage, but it was closed with ice; and after passing three winters there, McClure and his crew were forced to abandon the vessel in the ice, and return home by way of Lancaster Sound, in one of the vessels of Belcher's squadron. In 1850 six vessels from England under Captain Austin, and two from the United States under Lieutenant De Haven, penetrated Lancaster Sound as far as the entrance to Wellington Channel, and found there conclusive proof that Franklin wintered there in 1845-6.

The next summer the British expeditions searched to the west and southwest of this spot, and found no further trace of the missing party. In April, 1852, Captain Sir E. Belcher was intrusted with five ships, to endeavor to pass up Wellington Channel, and also towards Melville Island. Four of these vessels, after passing two winters in the ice, were abandoned in 1854, and the party escaped to England, part in the remaining vessel, part in two other ships which came out in 1854 to search for the searchers. One vessel thus abandoned, the Resolute, passed a third winter in the ice, and then drifted out into Baffin's Bay. Picked up by an American whaler, she was purchased by our government and restored to England. We rejoice at this for a double reason; it will give us at least one pleasant association with Mr. Pierce's administration; and the sight of the rescued Resolute may convince some of the sceptical Lords of the Admiralty of the reality of De Haven's long drift and involuntary discovery of Grinnell Land.

Two private expeditions were also fitted out in 1852 by Lady Franklin, one under William Kennedy, who made valuable explorations south of Franklin's winter quarters, the other under Captain Inglefield, who added largely to our knowledge of the northern shores of Baffin's Bay. In November, 1852, Dr. Kane was appointed to take charge of another expedition, partly private, partly national, like that in which he had before been engaged. With one brig and seventeen companions he passed into the opening at the head of Baffin's Bay, remained in harbor there frozen fast from the 5th of September, 1853, to the 20th of May, 1855, when they left the brig and proceeded to the south, on the ice, dragging boats on sledges, and finally escaping by water and reaching Upernivik in safety,—save that two men perished the first winter, and a third died from injuries on the ice during the retreat. The health of the others was doubtless somewhat impaired. During this sojourn in the Arctic region they mapped the shores of Smith's Sound for nearly three hundred miles farther north than it had been heretofore known, and discovered that it led into an open sea, free from ice, to the north.

We have given this bird's-eye view of the operations

in Arctic America during the eight years which intervened between the departure of Sir John Franklin for the Northwest Passage and the departure of the second Grinnell expedition in search of him, in order to guard the reader of these pages against the error of making the two expeditions in which Dr. Kane has borne his part stand too high in his estimate of Arctic daring and exploits. As we read his narrative, we feel it impossible for any other men to have endured such hardships and lived ; we are inclined to imagine them all heroes ; and in justice to the long list of those who have endured Arctic winters, must take pains to remind ourselves that others have passed through similar hardships without finding so able an historian as Dr. Kane.

Lieutenant De Haven, the commander of the first expedition, had seen Antarctic ice, knew the power of a Polar winter, and was fully able to appreciate the instructions given him by the Secretary of the Navy, not uselessly to hazard his ships, not to spend the winter at the North, and especially not to spend more than one winter there. He was directed to search for Sir John in the neighborhood of Wellington Channel and Cape-Walker, and, if unable by reason of ice to reach those spots, to explore Jones's and Smith's Sounds. He reached the ground of search on the 25th of August, 1850, and at the end of three weeks was frozen up in the mid-sea at the southern end of Wellington Channel. Here begins the unique part of their adventures, a drifting cruise of nearly nine months in the heart of a great icefield, carrying them nearly a thousand miles without their being able to resist in any degree the movement. Of these nine months Lieutenant De Haven himself gives us only a brief official report ; but his accomplished surgeon, Dr. Kane, having kept a journal for the gratification of his family friends, compiled from it an interesting volume, in which we have a complete narrative of the movements of that unprecedented winter's journey. For the first fortnight the vessels were carried to the north about sixty miles, and De Haven was thus enabled to survey the sides of Wellington Channel to nearly its northern termination. A new and large mass of land to the north of the Channel was discovered, to which De Haven gave the name of

Grinnell Land. The English, having the next year re-discovered this tract, named it Prince Albert's Land, and when they found it had already been discovered and named Grinnell Land, they, without any warrant whatever, transferred this name of Grinnell Land to an island which De Haven never saw with certainty, and perhaps never was within sight of! What is more extraordinary is that several English maps and authors say that the Grinnell Land was discovered by British officers on Albert's birthday, August 26, 1850, while the logs and journals of those very officers show that on that day they were a hundred miles and more distant from the land, and that it was a foggy day! Early in October the American vessels were carried southward again by the drifting ice, and from that time until June they moved irregularly to the south and east until they came into the open waters of Davis's Straits.

The history of this unparalleled drift is of great value, as proving the mobility of the ice-fields of some of those sea-channels, even in the midst of their most rigorous winter. A strong breeze seemed to be always able to set the whole ice of the region in motion. The constant rise and fall of the tides prevents the adhesion of the floes to the land, and also, by the aid of islands, grounded bergs, and similar means, cracks them, more or less, twice a day. Sea ice, therefore, even in the Arctic winter, must consist of floating fields, rather than of a single solid expanse. When a strong gale bears upon these fields, it causes them to bear against each other with prodigious horizontal pressure, and the slightest deflection from the level by the weight of snow-drifts, or the uplifting of the shores as the tide falls, will cause this horizontal force to be resolved into a power of upheaval that bends and crushes the ice, and produces cracks and openings sometimes of great extent. When once this process commences, and allows the impact of mass against mass, it produces the still greater effects arising from blows being added to pressure. We cannot wonder, therefore, that while to the English ships, ice-locked and land-locked near the shore during that winter, the ice in Wellington Channel appeared fast and immovable, to the Americans in the midst of the Channel it proved itself a most unsafe and movable harbor.

The second Grinnell expedition left New York in the brig *Advance*, on the 30th of May, 1853. It consisted, as we have said, of eighteen men, to whom were added at Upernivik an Esquimaux hunter and a Danish interpreter, making twenty men all told. Of these, two died from the hardships of the first spring journey, one died from injuries during the retreat, and the Esquimaux hunter lost his heart among the huts of Etah, and remained there to assume the cares of a family; the rest were brought safely to New York by Lieutenant Hartstene.

We had thought the narrative of the first Grinnell expedition interesting, but the two volumes concerning the second cruise are painfully so. The personal attachment to Dr. Kane, which the first volume had already given us, and which seemed now like an old friendship, and the respectful and affectionate mode in which he speaks of his fellow-adventurers, lead us to an intense sympathy with him and with them in all their trials and exposures. This sympathy is rendered deeper on remembering that this expedition is not simply one of adventure and exploration, but one of kindness and Christian charity,—an attempt to rescue civilized men from the desolation of those regions, or convey to their friends the certain information that their sufferings are over. A third and still more powerful reason why we feel so warmly interested in Dr. Kane's narrative is found in the events themselves, consisting as they do, in so large a part, of the most heroic efforts made by a few of the brave twenty in behalf of their comrades when nearly perishing, through sickness or exposure. The best men among them never stopped to consider their own safety, much less their own comfort, when any of the party were suffering and needed aid. Almost superhuman exertions were continually made in behalf of the sick and disabled members of the party..

There was much hardship and danger incurred in getting the *Advance* into winter quarters. Smith's Sound, opening out of the extreme northern end of Baffin's Bay, had been chosen as the scene of their explorations. But on entering this water, the first time that it had ever been penetrated by the white man's ship, Dr. Kane found the ice so strong and impenetrable

that he was able to proceed but a few miles, by hugging closely the Greenland shore, and frequently dragging the brig along, by hand, through narrow openings between the floating ice and that attached to shore. Whoever has approached Boston from the country at low tide in severe winter weather must have been struck with the thick casing of ice that encircles every pile of the numerous bridges, and sometimes lines the face of the wharves. Every pile is converted into a huge dipped candle, the timber for wick, the ice for tallow,—dipped, not by bringing the wick down to the tallow, but by bringing the tallow or sea-water up about the wick. These candles, dipped every tide, become in long-continued cold weather of immense size. A similar phenomenon is observed in all our Northern brooks which dash among rocks. When the thermometer remains for some days very low, and the whole brook is brought nearly to the freezing-point, the cold rocks become invested near the water's edge, and even below the water's edge, with a coating of ice, whose thickness is proportioned to the intensity and duration of the frost. In Baffin's Bay the cliffs along the sea are thus invested with ice during the winter; and in Smith's Sound the investiture is permanent, forming a highway of ice along the foot of the cliffs, on which many of Dr. Kane's journeys were performed. It was between this "ice-foot" and the floating ice that the *Advance* was urged into her final winter quarters, where that part of her that the Esquimaux cannot carry off will doubtless remain for ages. This ice-belt varied in dimensions with the season, and during the severer weather of the winter was seven or eight rods in thickness horizontally, and about thirty feet in height; the rise and fall of the tide being nearly two thirds that amount.

Having selected their winter quarters, and with great labor brought their ship into them, they began double preparations for passing the winter in a higher northern latitude than any previous expedition, $78^{\circ} 37'$, and for making extensive journeys northward in the spring. Parties traversed the coast of Greenland as far north as $79^{\circ} 12'$, and concealed depots of provisions at various points. This was the beginning of their Arctic labors. They had not then learned to drive their dogs well, and

therefore dragged their provisions on sledges by hand. They frequently, when on the floes, came to cracks of several hundred feet in width, and were obliged to wait several hours for a turn of tide to close the crack, or else to break off a piece of ice to use for a ferry-boat and ferry themselves over. As the operations were continued until late in November the breezes were frequently twenty or thirty degrees below zero, and frost-bites grew to be common occurrences. The sun was full four months below the horizon, and about Christmas there was not even twilight at noonday. In February the thermometer sank to 68 below zero. The long-continued darkness and cold affected the men with very unpleasant spasmodic symptoms; and the dogs to the number of fifty-seven died with a similar affection. This great disaster forced Dr. Kane to alter his cherished plans of search, and the month of February was largely occupied in preparing new sledges, cooking-utensils, and sleeping-bags, for smaller parties.

At the vernal equinox they commenced anew their field operations. It is impossible for us, sitting before a grate of glowing anthracite, and only hearing the cold northwester whistle around our comfortable house, to judge correctly of the movements of an Arctic party, and criticise an Arctic commander; but, with this confession, we will venture to say that this was perhaps an error of judgment in Dr. Kane, to renew field operations so early in the spring. The success of the expeditions in the fall seems to have emboldened him too much, and the first expedition in the spring met with weather too severe for their health and their defences, the temperature being from ten to forty degrees below zero at the ship during their absence, and much lower by the thermometers of the party. The terrible result of this effort,—four men being left frozen and disabled at the distance of forty miles from the brig, with one brave Irishman to wait upon them,—the heroic and incredibly laborious exertions of a rescuing party headed by Dr. Kane, who went out and brought their sick comrades to the brig, walking through the snow eighty-one out of eighty-four consecutive hours,—the providential guidance of this rescuing party (their pilot becoming delirious), to find a single canvas tent upon a desert of

icebergs and snowdrifts forty miles from the ship,—and the confidence and trust of the poor fellows in the tent, who “knew that Dr. Kane would come,”—render this passage of the history inexpressibly touching; he who can read it, even for the twentieth time, and be unmoved, can have no appreciation of the qualities that invest man with true grandeur and human life with its highest dignity.

Two of those disabled by this terrible snow-storm at 59° below zero died of its effects, the other two recovered. But their sickness crippled the party and hindered for a long time every renewal of explorations. In April, 1854, they were visited by Esquimaux, genuine heathen, who had never before seen white men, but who had obtained a little steel and iron by intercourse with tribes dwelling farther south. Obtaining from them a few dogs, Dr. Kane was enabled to make journeys of exploration with incomparably less fatigue and less danger to health than before,—and the shores of the sea were surveyed as far north as the eighty-second parallel of latitude; Smith’s Sound extending to that distance, with a width varying from thirty to seventy miles.

In July, 1854, as there was no prospect of the brig being liberated, and the health of some members of the expedition forbade any attempt to move them, Dr. Kane made a bold and hazardous attempt to communicate with the British vessels and procure help from Beechy Island, by dragging a boat thirty or forty miles southward over the ice, and then embarking in Baffin’s Bay. After running great risks of being swamped in his little boat by a violent storm, he found an impenetrable barrier of ice in his way, returned to the brig, and prepared for a second winter. Part of the party, thinking it wiser to attempt a retreat southward, were allowed to go; but they found the retreat impossible, and returned to the ship, in midwinter, only through the aid of the Esquimaux, whose nearest permanent home was seventy miles from the brig. The winter was severe; even the Esquimaux suffered much from hunger and cold, accustomed though they were to Arctic hunting; and our countrymen had sometimes the satisfaction of aiding these natives, to whose friendly offices they had been so deeply indebted. Several times during the winter it

seemed impossible to preserve the lives of the sick, owing to the difficulty of procuring fresh raw flesh, the only specific against the scurvy. To add to the terrors of their situation, in the early spring of 1855, two of the sailors attempted to desert to the Esquimaux, stealing the dog-team of their comrades, and leaving the whole party crippled beyond the possibility of escape. Dr. Kane very charitably attributes this wickedness to the demoralizing effects of continued debility and seemingly hopeless privation; but with great firmness, decision, and sagacity, he defeated the plan, and brought the deserters to duty.

As spring advanced, and supplies of fresh meat became more frequent, the health of the men improved. But fuel failed; they had already cut from the brig all the wood that could be spared without rendering her unfit for sea. Without waiting, therefore, for summer, they began in April, 1855, to remove their stores to a ruined Esquimaux hut, Anoatok, about thirty-five miles southwest of the brig. On the 15th of May they began the removal of the sick. By the middle of June all the disabled men, and some twelve hundred pounds of stores, were at Anoatok, the "wind-loved spot"; the main work being done by a dog-team, driven by Dr. Kane, and requiring fifteen or twenty of these seventy-mile journeys. On the 17th of May they started with three boats on sledges from the brig. The way was tedious, fifteen miles in the first eight days, and Dr. Kane had grave doubts of the ability of his men to hold out to the end. Raw flesh, absolutely necessary to the life of the sick, could be obtained only by continued dog-sledge journeys to the Esquimaux. As they passed farther down, the ice began to grow softer, and many accidents of course occurred through its breaking; and on the 9th of June, in one of these accidents, the carpenter, Ohlsen, received an internal injury which proved fatal on the 12th. On the 18th, they came to water, at the distance of eighty-one miles from the brig, which had cost them, however, over three hundred weary miles of travel. From this time to the 6th of August they alternately sailed and dragged their boats over ice, feasted on abundance of game, or nearly suffered starvation. One boat was used as fuel,

and in two boats they reached Upernavik, eighty-three days after leaving the brig, and again were in communication with the civilized world. Thus had this more than Xenophon conducted a broken and disabled band of sixteen men (the Esquimaux Hans left them in April), sad with the recollections of nearly two years of unutterable hardships and sufferings, through five hundred miles of the enemy's country; an enemy of infinite power and unwearied energy, who scarce left them unharassed for a single hour. What wonder that Dr. Kane should attribute his deliverance to the repeated special interposition of Providence, granted in answer to their daily prayers?

The first question that irresistibly suggests itself, when we read the record of such hardship and such danger, is that of the moral right of men thus to expose themselves and others to the imminent risk of death, and to the certainty of terrible suffering. In regard to the expeditions which have gone in search of Sir John Franklin, there can of course be no hesitation in our reply. So long as there was any probability, we may say any possibility, of rescuing a party of civilized men from the loneliness and desolation of the frigid zone, it was undoubtedly justifiable to make the attempt at all hazards. Indeed, so long as the immediate families of the missing men were living in uncertainty of their fate, we cannot deny the right of men to expose themselves to great dangers, if any prospect presented itself of solving the dread mystery.

But the terrible contest with Polar frost had often been undertaken before Sir John Franklin's party was locked up in the frozen wilderness. On what principle can the immense expenditure of treasure, time, and power, in this contest, be justified to the Christian conscience? Only, we believe, on one ground can a good defence be established, and that is on the scientific ground. We can justify nothing which cannot be legitimated by showing it to spring from reverence to God, or charity towards men. What can be really justified is not only justifiable, but commendable. Whatever is not sin, is virtue; what is not forbidden, is commanded. It is evident that, when our Creator placed man on the earth, He intended us to make life a school,

and that He filled nature with the tokens of his thought in order to develop ours. The pursuit of science is one of the great duties of human nature, and this duty rests on grounds altogether independent of the utility of science. That is to say, the pursuit of science is not commanded by the law of love to man, but by the law of love to God. Whatever it has pleased Him to make and place within our reach, it is our duty, as well as our happiness, to investigate, reverently and faithfully,—it would be irreverent towards Him to neglect the investigation.

So long, therefore, as there is a blank space in the charts and maps of the world, so long there will be an honorable place for geographical explorers, among the servants of God. They may serve him consciously or unconsciously, and be personally deserving of blame or of reward; but their work is one deserving of praise. And this work of geographical exploration, whether among the Andes or the Rocky Mountains, in the Arctic and Antarctic seas or in the interior of Africa, must be a work of some personal danger, and call for heroism and daring. Of course it is not right for a man to neglect precautions for his safety. It is not right to send a weak ship to the Arctic ices, nor a party provided only with ordinary sea-fare to winter in cold and darkness. But to send well-provisioned and well-guarded ships to the Arctic Circle, with volunteer crews, enthusiastic for geographical and scientific discovery, but prudent and cautious in incurring risks, is certainly a work to be commended. It is not a work of philanthropy, but it is a work of science, and thus indirectly of religion.

What was, however, the character of Sir John Franklin's last expedition? It was not a relief expedition sent to discover and rescue missing navigators, and could not therefore be justified on grounds of humanity. In Sir John's own mind, we have no doubt, it was a mission of geographical exploration and scientific inquiry. His personal views, and his personal character, ennobled it; and his associates doubtless partook in some degree of his noble enthusiasm. Judged by the officers and men who went out in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, those ships deserved a better fate than that of the dread oblivion which has swallowed them up. But judged by

the official instructions given to Sir John by the Board of Admiralty, those ships ought to have failed to penetrate the icy barriers of the North. In their preamble they base the expedition on the expediency of a further attempt "for the accomplishment of a northwest passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." In the eighteenth section they again affirm that "the effecting of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific is the main object of this expedition," but that geographical and scientific observations are not to be wholly neglected. What is the meaning of this talk of a Northwest Passage? Why should not the Admiralty have been content with learning how the land and water have actually been placed, instead of thus assuming beforehand the existence of a water passage from Cape Walker to Behring's Straits? We have at length discovered that this passage exists, but are the Admiralty insane enough to suppose that it can ever have a commercial or military value? The only value of Franklin's voyage, had he succeeded in passing through Behring's Straits, would have been the enlargement of our geographical and scientific knowledge; and this would have been enough to justify the expedition. Why, then, should not the Admiralty have placed this glorious object of the extension of our knowledge in the foreground, and have bidden Sir John proceed to Lancaster Sound and push geographical researches in whatever direction the opening of the ice favored, only bidding him avoid risks as far as possible, and mark his way by conspicuous beacons in order that he might be traced if lost? Such an exploring expedition, whatever its success, would have shed glory not only on its officers, but on the country which sent it out. But this pertinacious attempt, irrespective of danger, to force a Northwest Passage, where it was certainly possible that none existed, whatever honor it may confer on the officers and men actually engaged in it, casts only the imputation of folly on the government which maintained it. The most charitable construction which we can put upon the language of the Board of Admiralty would be to suppose that the desire of enlarging our geographical knowledge was the real motive of their action, and that this pretence of finding a Northwest Passage was considered

necessary to satisfy the materialistic John Bull, who desired at least a pretence of advancing commerce to make him acquiesce in such expensive contributions to science.

The next great question to which the mind naturally turns is the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Up to the year 1850 no trace of him was found, and when at that time his winter quarters of 1845–46 were discovered, there was nothing there in the shape of record to indicate the direction in which he intended to go. For our own part, we cannot avoid the conviction that this is a mistake, and that there is a paper somewhere in the neighborhood of Beechy Island hitherto overlooked. It may seem presumptuous in a mere traveller of the study to utter such an opinion; but we cannot believe Sir John Franklin would have neglected so important a duty, and the ill-success of Lieutenant Hartstene in finding cairns left by Dr. Kane, and of Sir E. Belcher in finding those of his predecessors, is evidence enough of the danger of overlooking, in that region of ice and snow, monuments which were meant to be very conspicuous. But in whatever direction the lamented navigator moved from Beechy Island, we believe that all his party have perished, and that his ships are either destroyed, or else that they lie frozen in at their second winter quarters. As for the manner of their death, there are so many ways possible, that, but for Dr. Rae's later discoveries, it would be mere idle conjecture to fix upon any one. How often did Dr. Kane and his little band stare Death in the face! When they had made fast to a berg, and the face of its icy cliff peeled off and rattled down upon them; when at different times the ship caught fire; when the scurvy had brought them all upon the sick list, and the bitter winter drove game of all kinds out of reach, so that the visits of the Esquimaux alone saved them; when half of them were frostbitten in the wilderness of ice, and the other half were wandering blindly night and day, without cessation, searching for them, until the rescuing party needed rescue, and only a Providential guidance scarcely short of miraculous brought them back to the ship;—on these and on several other occasions, especially during their perilous return, the most natural and probable sequence of events might have led to the death of the whole

party, without the probability of any knowledge of their fate ever reaching our ears.

Sir E. Belcher, the latest visitor at the ground of search, supposes that the ships were wrecked, that the crews divided into three parties, and went in different directions. Two of these parties are lost without leaving a trace behind; the third perished, and the Esquimaux gained possession of their effects, and sold part of them to Dr. Rae in 1854. But he does not believe Dr. Rae is right in fixing the scene of the disaster near the mouth of the Great Fish River, supposing the Esquimaux deceived him. For our part, we have full confidence in Dr. Rae's judgment and in his knowledge of Esquimaux character. We think it probable that the scurvy and hunger combined led to the loss of Sir John Franklin's band. He probably obeyed his instructions, ran west or southwest as far as the ice would permit, and, becoming there frozen fast, and yet held to his ships, as Dr. Kane was to the Advance, by the sickness of some of his crew, endeavored in vain to sustain himself by hunting parties; and when he was at last, by the crushing of his ships in the ice, forced to move southward, simply dragged himself and his fellow-sufferers down far enough for some of them to die within the range of the Esquimaux, and thus tell to the world the dread story that he had perished near the same terrible wilderness where he had suffered so much twenty-five years before. It is a sad proof of the weakness of man, that a party of one hundred and thirty-eight men, who were supposed to be well prepared for Arctic life, should thus perish of starvation, while for three or four successive summers of their life their countrymen were seeking them from three different quarters, all approaching near them, and some actually passing over the ground where some of their starving countrymen afterward crawled to die. They died while yet abundantly provided with powder and shot and furs,—starved simply from the scarcity of wild animals.

And yet life is possible in those most frozen regions. Nothing in Dr. Kane's narrative is more interesting than his account of the Esquimaux of Smith's Sound; and nothing leads you to a warmer feeling of attachment toward Dr. Kane himself, than his dealings with these

rude specimens of humanity. This tribe is separated from the Esquimaux among whom the Danish missionaries have labored by the great glaciers of Melville Bay, and confined from northern migration by the great glacier of Humboldt. Their entire range is thus limited to a coast of about six hundred miles; but with their dog-teams they will sometimes traverse the whole length of it in four days. The number of souls in this tribe is only about one hundred and fifty, and they are all personally acquainted with each other. They are a good-natured and hospitable race, although they at times are guilty of murder and of infanticide. Living in a climate where the midsummer months average only three or four degrees above freezing, the winter months forty below zero, and the whole year averages scarcely above zero; where snow covers the ground nearly twelve months in the year, and the sun is out of sight for nearly four months; where there is not even drift-wood of which to make handles for their spears, (and their chief subsistence must be gained by spearing the walrus and the seal at their breathing-holes in the ice,) — it is evident that their life must be one of unremitting toil, scarce more than an alternation of the labors of spearing the walrus, hauling the unwieldy mass to shore and devouring the flesh in quantities, required by the temperature, but which must make the mere operation of eating it a labor. They rest at it, as if from labor, take a nap, and wake to resume their eating. Yet these men are men, and, when there is opportunity, display many of the finer traits of human nature. The friendship which they showed to our countrymen was of vital importance to the sick and weakened men. It is terrible, however, to contemplate the possibility of any of Sir John Franklin's party having been driven to live in the fashion of these men of Smith's Sound; kennelled in semi-ellipsoidal stone huts, covered with Arctic sods of andromeda and moss, eight feet by seven, and six feet high, with only one hole to creep in at, from under ground, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke of the blubber lamp. In one of these burrows, fifteen feet by six, upon a raised platform of stone, seven feet by six, Dr. Kane found a family of half a dozen persons, entertaining half a dozen guests. The Doctor and his

friend Metek increased the whole number to fourteen. They had come wearied with an eighty miles' journey, in a wind below zero, crawled on hands and knees through an underground passage of seventy-five feet in length, and suddenly found themselves "gasping the ammoniacal steam" of these "vigorous, amply fed, unwashed, unclothed" savages, in a temperature of 90°. "Such an amorphous mass of compounded humanity," adds Dr. Kane, "one could see nowhere else; men, women, children, with nothing but their native dirt to cover them, twined and dovetailed together like the worms in a fishing-basket. No hyperbole could exaggerate that which in serious earnest I give as the truth." "The kotluk of each matron was glowing with a flame sixteen inches long. A flipper quarter of walrus, which lay frozen on the floor of the netek, was cut into steaks, and the kolopsuts began to smoke with a burden of ten or fifteen pounds apiece. Metek, with a little amateur aid from some of the sleepers, emptied these without my assistance. I had the most cordial invitation to precede them, but I had seen enough of the culinary *régime* to render it impossible. I broke my fast on a handful of frozen liver-nuts that Bill brought me, and bursting out into a profuse perspiration, I stripped like the rest, threw my well-tired carcass across Mrs. Eider Duck's extremities, put her left-hand baby under my armpit, pillow'd my head on Myouk's somewhat warm stomach, and thus, an honored guest, and in the place of honor, fell asleep."

The most interesting geographical question, at least that which is most interesting to the popular mind, suggested by Dr. Kane's expeditions, is that of the nature and functions of the glaciers. In countries which lie within the regions of perpetual snow, there can, of course, be no rivers of water. The deep beds of snow and ice, however, entirely preventing radiation from the earth, probably keep the rocks beneath near the freezing point, neither sensibly above nor below. Beneath these deepest beds, therefore, there is a gentle but uninterrupted thaw, which lubricates the rocks and renders the motions of the beds of snow (hardened, by partial thawing and freezing, and the pressure of superincumbent masses, into ice) possible. This motion takes

place from two causes; from the weight of the masses leading them to slide down the declivities, and to settle among each other; and from expansion by freezing of the snow-water which fills the cracks of the ice-beds in the summer season. It thus happens that among high mountains, and in polar countries, the rivers are of ice, and yet have a real current towards the sea. But as this current is exceedingly slow, it is manifest that a given amount of surface and a given amount of falling snow or rain will make a vastly wider and deeper river of ice, or glacier, than it would, in a milder climate, of water. Thus it happens that the rivers of North Greenland, being all glaciers, all overflow their banks to a prodigious width and height, and nearly the whole interior of the country is one lake of ice (if the word lake is applicable to a surface not level), seeking outlets at every valley of the coast. These ice-torrents, although slower in their movement than streams of water, are vastly more powerful in the work of wearing away the rocks beneath, and they grind up immense quantities of gravel and sand and bear them seaward. From beneath their icy masses, in the summer season, rush turbid currents of water, which indicate, by the quantity of powdered rock which they bring out, how powerful the grinding process has been. Should the continent of Greenland by a gradual amelioration of climate become bare of ice, its rocky valleys would doubtless be found supplied with more or less of gravel, ground from the rocks themselves. We say by a gradual amelioration of climate, for too sudden a change would wash all the treasure to the sea. It is at the natural end of the glacier where the ice ends and the river begins that the greatest deposits take place, and it would only be by a gradual retrocession that these deposits would be spread over the country. Such we understand to have been the mode in which our own country was supplied with its valuable deposits of gravel, sand, and clay. Our hills about Boston bear on every summit the autographs of glaciers which once extended in vast sheets over the country, flowing from Monadnock and Wachusett, and from the Temple and Wilton hills, towards the southeast, with irresistible energy, wearing down the rocks and leaving the crushed and washed frag-

ments in the shape of sand, clay, and gravel, for men's use in agriculture and the mechanic arts. The same beneficent Power which has made all other things work together for good to the sons of men, has thus, for ages before he placed them on the earth, prepared it for their abode. By what agency this frozen climate of that epoch was changed to the present, we know not. Nothing but moral reasons at present appear by which we can account for it. All the plan of creation presupposes man as the head of the series of animated beings; and the era of man's existence as the closing era of the geologic changes. The earth was made warmer again to prepare it for man's abode; but the frozen Arctic regions and the snow-covered Alps were left us as examples for scientific study.

The movement of a glacier is one of those complicated processes of downward motion which is best expressed by our English word *settling*. Against the theory of sliding, against the theory of flowing, and against the theory of expansion by alternate freezing and thawing, there may be brought insuperable objections, and against each have been brought also very weak objections. On the other hand, there are convincing proofs in favor of each theory, and we do not think an unprejudiced man can, after a careful examination, avoid agreeing with Agassiz, that the truth lies among the three systems; the slope of the valley, the plasticity of the ice, and the expansion of the water which runs into the cold mass in the first spring thawing, must each have their share of credit.

The semi-fluidity of glaciers, of which Dr. Kane makes so much account, and which Forbes thinks is the sole cause of the motion, is a well-known fact. It is greatest in thawing snow, and diminishes as the mass approaches more nearly to the character of ice. It does not entirely disappear even in the most solid ice. The ice of our ponds, and of clear icicles, is doubtless a more uniform solid than glacial ice. Yet we have bent both these species of ice, while from four to ten degrees below freezing, by simply continuing a pressure, nearly sufficient to fracture them, for several hours, or sometimes for several days. If the pressure is not great, it may be continued for week after week without effect.

The movement of arched snow-drifts, and the curvature of ice in ponds in which the water has fallen, are familiar proofs that snow and ice, when at freezing point, are flexible.

But it would be wrong to infer, with Dr. Kane, that this flexibility of ice produces a viscid flow as the main movement of the glacier. If it were so, the glacier would have been comparatively worthless as an agent in preparing the earth as the abode of intelligent races. The grinding power of the glacier depends upon its being practically a solid body, moving as a solid over the bed of rock below. There are very strong analogies between the movement of the fissured ice in the lower part of the glacier and the softened snow-beds at its source, and between the motion of these snow-beds and that of softened pitch; but they are analogies, not identities. Pitch runs, but the snow and ice settle.

This is not the only instance in which Dr. Kane appears to prefer a false philosophy from Europe to a true philosophy taught at home,—Cambridge in England to Cambridge in New England. In taking observations upon the temperature of Smith's Sound, he used a number of thermometers, and found that, although they agreed very well in temperatures above -40° , yet in lower temperatures they differed very widely. In these cases, therefore, Dr. Kane very properly adopted the mean height of the thermometers as the true height. But unfortunately he gives his reasons for so doing, and those reasons are entirely fallacious. There had been in the (American) Astronomical Journal a critique by Airy, the Astronomer Royal of Cambridge, England, upon a paper by Professor Peirce, of Cambridge, New England, on rejecting doubtful observations,—and Dr. Kane announces that he adopts the views of Professor Airy; and that he uses all the thermometers, even those differing most from the mean, simply because "there was no reason *a priori* to consider the results which they gave as less probable than the others."

We suppose that this was not the real reason in Dr. Kane's mind, and that he deceived himself in setting it forward, not analyzing carefully the secret grounds of his judgment. For this reasoning of Professor Airy, though specious enough to be brought forward in de-

fence of a judgment, is scarcely strong enough to influence a man of Dr. Kane's sense in forming a judgment. The real reason why Dr. Kane used the whole of the eleven thermometers in obtaining his lowest mean of -68° , instead of following his first impulse, to neglect the lowest, was probably the fact, which his records give us, that, on a closer examination, he found that these eleven temperatures were very evenly distributed between the lowest and the highest, from -80° to -56° . If he had found one thermometer at -80° while the other ten were all distributed between -60° and -56° , he would undoubtedly have followed his impulse and rejected the lowest. Common sense would have decided against Professor Airy's fallacy, without calling in the aid of Professor Peirce's beautiful and ingenious mathematical test of doubtful observations, founded principally on this point of the distribution of errors.

This fact of the great variation between thermometers similarly situated in a low temperature finds also its parallel in our New England experience. Even with the thermometer as high as ten below zero, we have frequently observed differences of six or seven degrees between thermometers within a few feet of each other. We have sometimes traced this difference to the thermometers themselves, and at other times to the situations. When the ground is covered with snow, the sky clear, and the air perfectly calm, the rapid radiation chills the surface of the snow, and the chilled air runs into the little hollows; and makes them much warmer than the surrounding eminences. We have found a thermometer in a slight depression of the snow, (a basin about fifty feet in diameter, and depressed two or three feet in the centre) fall to -15° , while on being placed on a block of snow a foot in height it stood at -8° . We repeated the observation several times, between the hours of five and half past five on a January evening. But at half past six, a slight breath of air came from the north, and the thermometer no longer varied, but stood at -8° , whether on the block or in the snow-basin.

The question might arise, whether this increased sensitiveness of the thermometer in low temperatures does not arise from the infinitesimal quantity of the remaining heat. If fifty below zero approaches the absolute zero,

the pitch darkness, the perfect silence, of cold, insignificant changes of temperature should be as perceptible at Smith's Sound, as phosphorescence and echoes are by night.

If Dr. Kane is un-American in following error with Forbes and Airy, rather than truth with Agassiz and Peirce, he more than atones for it by the nationality of his nomenclature. We are usually a miserable set of nomenclators, and seldom improve on the Indian names which we displace, to make room for our abominations. Dr. Kane sins as grievously as any of us, and instead of preserving the Esquimaux names, or giving in all cases descriptive titles, or names commemorative of the explorers of Arctic regions, or names famous for their geographical or scientific lore, he fastens on the innocent bays and headlands of those northern coasts the names of a list of American politicians, ranging from the greatest to the smallest,— Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, George M. Dallas, Thomas H. Benton, Silas Wright, Lewis Cass, John Marshall, R. B. Taney, Franklin Pierce, and Fletcher Webster!! What possible excuse for such violation of taste and propriety? That Dr. Kane did not lack invention in nomenclature, the names Weary-Man's Rest, Godsend Ledge, and Providence Cliffs, show. Besides which, there were in many places Esquimaux names already given, and it would have been in good taste to preserve them as they were, and this would have saved the trouble of finding some lawyer or politician's name to displace them. What objection could there be to Cape Anoatok, Etah Bay, Aunatok Harbor, Appah Island, or Netelik, or Peteravik? We are sadly compelled to admit that Dr. Kane is ultra-American in this respect, and we do not believe that, with his fine appreciation of the ludicrous, he can look at his own chart without laughing to see in what awkward positions he has placed some of his countrymen.

But what is such a fault compared with the merits of the narrative, and the merit of the narrator? We almost feel ashamed of speaking of these errors and defects in a man for whom we have so strong and warm an admiration, kindled and maintained solely by these two narratives of the Grinnell Expeditions. It is the ungracious task of finding spots in the sun. No man

can read these simple and modest narratives of heroism, of noble courage, of generous sympathy, of terrible hardships bravely borne, and appalling difficulties wisely overcome, without finding his heart glow with unwonted warmth, and his vision expand over new and wider fields of thought. The right and duty of geographical explorations ; the climatic changes which, as Greenland slowly alters its level, have extended so much more widely the ice-beds of its valleys, and driven the Esquimaux farther south ; the probable fate of this tribe of one hundred and forty souls, henceforth held in honor by every white man who hears the story of their fidelity ; the applicability of the Gospel to a life whose details must of necessity differ so much from those of Southern climes ; the scientific problems of an open Polar sea, of secular variations in climate, of the movement of the magnetic pole and seat of maximum cold, of the nature and functions of the glaciers, of the geologic agency of the ice-foot, of the changes in the crystalline structure of ice, by which the Polar seas are freed from ice, independently of direct solar heat ; the similarity and difference in the vegetation of Arctic and Alpine regions ; — these are some of the interesting fields of thought which Dr. Kane lays open to our view, while, at the same time, he draws our hearts towards him with that fine humor whose genial warmth kept not only himself, but his companions, alive through two of the coldest winters ever endured by mortals. No amount of fuel could have kept them up in that intense cold and darkness, and the life of the whole depended on the heroic strength of that man who kept all his own cares and anxieties hidden in his own heart, dividing his responsibility only with the Infinite Protector, while he cheered his men with words of encouragement and hope under circumstances which would have paralyzed an ordinary man with despair. There is not a man now living in whose personal suffering there is so wide-spread a sympathy as that felt for Dr. Kane, nor was there ever a more universal prayer that the influence of a milder climate might restore an invalid to health.*

* As this sheet goes to press, intelligence from Cuba makes it almost certain that Dr. Kane has already passed through death to life.

A petition has recently been presented to the British government, asking for a new attempt to discover the remains of the Erebus and Terror, and perchance recover some of their records. It is supposed that a screw steamer might be sent as near as possible to the spot which the Esquimaux in 1849 indicated as the locality of the ships, and just south of which the company of thirty men died in 1850; then by sledge parties that locality should be thoroughly searched. The limited sphere of exploration would render this attempt less dangerous to life than former attempts have been; and the results, if Franklin's ships and records should be discovered, would be of value sufficient to authorize the risk. We trust it may be undertaken, and that on their return the history of the new party may be given in a volume as able and attractive as those of Dr. Kane.

T. H.

ART. VI.—REV. EPHRAIM PEABODY, D. D.

A DISTINGUISHED lawyer of Boston, the Hon. P. W. Chandler, lecturing before a Lyceum in Roxbury on Tuesday evening, the 2d of December, 1856, gave an account of a midnight funeral which he, with several other American travellers, had witnessed in the old city of Bologna. "By early dawn," he said, "the travellers were again on their way to other cities and other events. But they never will forget this midnight scene in that strange old city, and the funeral service of the Church at that midnight hour." The lecturer then began to speak further of one of those travellers, but his voice failed him, and a morning paper a few days after published these touching and beautiful words, which he had written, but could not speak.

"And now, while the ink on the preceding page is scarcely dry, one of these travellers has passed forward on that great journey from which there is no return. This very day they have laid him in the tomb, and his mortal eye will never again open on scenes of beauty here; his ear is dull and insensible to the lamentations of those who remain. So gentle and yet so

firm ; so pure and yet so wise ; so childlike in simplicity, and yet so powerful in manly strength,—when shall we look upon his like again ! They took him from the midst of the books which he loved so well, and laid him down by the altar where he has ministered these many years ; and there, in the crowd of those for whom he had broken the bread of life,—the children whom he had baptized, the young whom he had counselled so wisely and so well, the old whom he had led in the way of life,—we have just listened to the touching service of the English Church. No midnight silence, no lofty nave, no lighted candles, no chanting monks, but in that simple old gray church, in the full light of day, as was fitting to his character, amidst the tears of those who will mourn him so long, they laid his body gently away, and we shall see that earthly form no more.

'No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels guard the soft repose.'"

The same "traveller" was spoken of on Sunday in many churches, with the same emotions, and in similar terms of affectionate commendation and sorrow. One* spoke of himself as feeling "the earth grow dark, and the heavens brighter at his burial." "You will remember," he said, "the face whose mild grandeur impressed and drew every beholder. You will seem to hear the serious tenderness of his voice, that melted the heart it awed. You will not forget the manner, so gentle and so grave, it might be thought one of the old Puritans, leaving his austerity and keeping all his righteousness, had appeared in our generation." "A more sweet and sanctified spirit," said another, in another city,† "has not lived in these latter days." "Gone," said a third, in still another city,‡ "from the circle of friends by whom he was so fondly cherished, gone from the sphere of usefulness which he so nobly filled, gone at an age when manhood puts on its majestic strength, he speaks no more through his living lips. But that calm wisdom, that unpretending manliness, that chastened trust and fervor, which breathed through every sentence, and made even his simplest discourse a word of power,—all that remains. Death has not interrupted his influence, but carried it down into new and more sacred depths in a thousand hearts."

* Mr. Bartol of Boston.
† Dr. Briggs of Salem.

‡ Mr. Weiss of New Bedford.

Thus it was felt to be no private grief, confined to a single home, or a single circle, or a single congregation. A portion of its sunlight had been taken out of many homes. Within a wide extent, the poor had lost a benefactor; the rich, a kind and faithful teacher; the young, a counsellor to whom they loved to look up; the old, a staff on whom they felt it a privilege to lean; and all had lost a friend who had made their lives better worth the living. Yet amid the darkness that brooded over many hearts there was still a light, and one of the most cheerful places which we were permitted to visit in those days of our bereavement was the home where the parting rays of his life seemed still to linger as a grateful benediction with those who had been dearest to him.

He whose death, so widely and so deeply mourned, has left in many hearts and homes a sense of loneliness which nothing but the hopes that his life inspired can ever fill, belonged to a profession which seldom allows any one to be widely conspicuous above his brethren. His walk was as that of one of the lowliest among the sons of men. No one could be more unpretending in his intercourse with others, and there are few whose lives have been more faithfully devoted to their own calling, within its appointed spheres of influence. But when God sends such a man into the world, it is for no narrow or private ends. His name and influence reach beyond his immediate associates, and belong to a wider field.

He was born, the 22d of March, 1807, in Wilton, N. H., a town of about one thousand inhabitants. His father, whose name he bore, was an industrious, upright, intelligent man, much respected by his townsmen, who sent him several times as their representative to the General Court. He died greatly lamented by his neighbors, in the early prime of life, when his son was about nine years old. His wife, the mother of Ephraim Peabody, whose maiden name was Rhoda Abbot, had very much the same temperament as her son, being gifted with exquisitely delicate nervous sensibilities, and an inward composure of spirit which seemed never to be disturbed. We have heard him say that he never knew her to show symptoms of impatience or of anger. There were in both the same affections and the same profound con-

victions, while in both there was the same modest, un-studied reserve, in which as in a private sanctuary their dearest and holiest emotions were veiled. She died of a lingering and painful disease in 1851. When it was supposed that she was very near her end, her son was confined to his room by serious illness, and it was our privilege to visit her in his stead, and to be with her when the reserve of a lifetime first gave way at the near approach of death, and showed, amid her timid, shrinking sensibilities, how full of tenderness and gratitude and faith she was. The son was afterwards permitted to visit her, and spoke with thankfulness of the free and full communication which he then had with her, on subjects too delicate and sacred to be spoken of, except on the borders of another world.

The home of the child while his father lived was in a most retired spot, near the Souhegan rivulet, and overhung by the surrounding hills. The seclusion of the place,—not only separated from other dwellings by distance, but almost walled round by what must have seemed to him like mountains,—the pleasant meadow near by, the quiet rippling of the summer's stream, and the boldness of the neighboring scenery, then but half redeemed from the original wilderness, had undoubtedly their influence on his impressible and sensitive nature. "How often, when I was a boy," he said to a friend,* calling his attention to a summer cloud, "I have taken my book, and sat by the road-side under an old tree,—for the road in those days was secluded enough,—and, when I was tired of reading, thrown myself back on the grass, and watched just such a cloud as that, expecting, if I looked steadily enough, that I should see the faces of angels leaning over its pure edges." And then he went on to speak of early impressions and experiences, and, "in his peculiarly simple and graphic language," confidentially revealed that which indicated, in the words of his friend, "a boyhood as pure and as sweetly attuned to the spirit of Nature's God as that of the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem."

There could hardly be a more secluded spot "for a soul to be born and nestle in, and soar out of." A pine grove,

* Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D.

beautiful to the eye especially in the winter, and with music always to the ear, was to be passed through on his way to the church. As he went up from the valley, wide ranges of mountains stretched out before him. The earliest record we have of his school days finds him on this "Meeting-house Hill." We have seen a certificate of good behavior given to the boy when he was eight years old, and bearing the name of the now honored pastor of the Twelfth Congregational Church in Boston, the Rev. Samuel Barrett, D. D. He was two or three winters under the instruction of the Rev. Warren Burton, the author of that very entertaining book, "The District School as it was." He remembers Ephraim Peabody at the age of ten, "as a boy with a large, dark, keen eye, and a very intellectual countenance, most intent on getting his lessons, and doing his best in school."

Two years later the same boy was again under his charge. He had in the mean time been at the Dummer Academy in Byfield, Mass., in the family of his uncle, the Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D., who was then at the head of that school. Dr. Abbot was first settled as a Christian minister in Coventry, Conn. After leaving Coventry he spent a few years as a teacher of youth in Byfield and Andover, and was settled in the ministry in Peterborough, N. H., where he was equally respected and beloved. He is now living in the ninety-third year of his age, in the serene and holy graces which are the appropriate fruits of a devout and well-spent life. Mr. Peabody always thought himself under lasting obligations to Dr. Abbot, and his two brothers, Deacon Ezra Abbot, an intelligent and prominent man in Wilton, and Samuel Abbot, Esq., a graduate of Harvard College, a lawyer, and a scientific man of great intellectual activity and enterprise. Mr. Peabody's father had been a lover of Shakespeare, and at the house of his uncles he would find the last number of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia on the table. The child could hardly have been thrown among men who would do more to quicken his moral nature, or to stimulate in him the desire for intellectual improvement, confirmed as their influence was by the more constant and important influence of his mother at home.

At the Byfield Academy he was so troubled with an

affection of the eyes, brought on by over-tasking them, that he was obliged to return home and give up the study of books. He again, in the winter of 1819-20, attended Mr. Burton's school, "to learn what he might, by quick and occasional glances at the book, and by hearing the recitations of others." "His countenance," says Mr. Burton, "had now parted with the severe, concentrated, and simply intellectual look which he had before, and those large eyes," no longer "dry and hard with being fastened on a book," wandered round the room, "moist with the varying feelings that would be playing through the mind," while an expression of fun often ran over his face. "I have sometimes thought," says his teacher, "that his keen insight into character was not a little developed during those do-nothing but see-everything days." The extraordinary faculty that he had, of getting at the substance of a book by a few rapid snatches, may have also been partially acquired at that time.

The only punishment, we believe, that Peabody ever received, was at this school. It may perhaps not improperly be mentioned here, as illustrating his character, and as a novel expedient in school discipline. He sat in the back seat, and was in the habit of "whittling his way through the tedious time." One day, turning round, he began very slyly to carve out letters on the wall behind his seat. The master saw what he was doing, and, with the scholars, for a few moments watched him with a ludicrous interest, as he went on with his work, entirely unconscious that any one was looking on. He was then told to bring in a handful of wood for the fire, which was done, and a roaring fire quickly made. He was next directed to bring in a log of considerable size, and place it near the hearth. This also was done, when he was told, that, as he had evidently a genius for using edge-tools on wood, and as it was not proper to destroy the school-house, he might sit down by the log and exercise himself on that where it could do no harm. He sat down to the log with his knife. The exercises of the school were suspended, and there were noisy bursts of laughter. "Ephraim, now laughing himself, and now subsiding into serious earnest, his face covered with blushes, whittled away most industriously on

his log." Soon his blushes were all melted together by the heat of the blazing fire, and he was told that he had better take off his coat. He went through it all with the most perfect good-nature. Indeed, he knew that from all those laughing faces "there flowed out only the kindest feelings towards him." "I never knew him," continues his teacher, "so far as I remember, to be out of temper in a single instance, whether as boy or man."

He was now to enter a school of quite a different character. He became a student in Phillips Exeter Academy, which for fifty years was under the charge of his mother's cousin, that rare model of the Christian gentleman and scholar, Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., whose blended dignity and mildness secured the lasting gratitude, affection, and respect of his pupils. Peabody entered Bowdoin College in 1823, where, without striving for college honors, he maintained a high rank. "His reputation," says a classmate, "was decidedly the first in his class, if not in college, as a man of general and extensive culture, and for intellectual power." His Commencement part was a poem. "His calm dignity of character," says the same gentleman, "and the general confidence in his uprightness and truthfulness, gained him the respect and honor of all classes and parties in the institution. . . . On more than one of his classmates 'the daily beauty of his life' made impressions that will never be forgotten."

His own feeling was, that, while the College Faculty were ready to do him more than justice, he did not do justice to himself. He was sometimes tardy, and in one particular department he said that, for a short period of time, he every day got the lesson of the previous day. Even late in life, he could not speak of this without an expression of gratitude to the Professor for his indulgence towards him, and something like a blush, lest he might not have made quite the return for it which he ought,—an evidence this of the magnetic sensitiveness with which his moral nature was charged.

A little less than thirty years ago, the writer of this article, then a school-boy at Phillips Exeter Academy, was for a few weeks under Mr. Peabody's instruction. During his last college vacation, he had taken Dr. Abbot's place for a short time. He had then an athletic

frame, which, in its careless attitudes and motions, seemed as if it contained a whole magazine of reserved and silent energies. In other respects, he had then the same qualities for which he was afterwards distinguished,—the same mild and equable affections, the same enthusiasm for intellectual improvement, the same simplicity and modesty which followed him to the end of life, the same largeness of nature, which in its combination of gentle and noble endowments made it an impossibility for him to do a small action, or to indulge any other than generous purposes and feelings.

In September, 1827, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, where he pursued his studies with the keen sensations of delight natural to a young man of strong and untried powers, ranging at large in the consciousness of intellectual and moral freedom, drawn on by a love of knowledge which amounted almost to a passion, and by the accompanying desire to prepare himself for a life of high and extended usefulness. He enjoyed the deliberate, impartial method of study recommended by the elder Ware, and so effectively set forth in his example. He delighted still more in Mr. Norton's instructions, in the vigorous grasp with which he laid hold on subjects, the extent and thoroughness of his learning, and the uncompromising energy with which he was in the habit of expressing his opinions. He was most of all impressed by the finer elements of his nature, by the depth and earnestness of his religious convictions, and the solemnity and tenderness of his devotions. Once in particular, we have heard him say, on the last evening of meeting the students before going to Europe, Mr. Norton asked them to unite with him in prayer, and then prayed with such impressive and affecting power, that a student, who from philosophical difficulties had not believed in the efficacy of prayer, said afterwards, that he never could doubt again,—that all his objections had been melted away by the fervor and evident reality of that prayer.

On leaving the Divinity School in 1830, Mr. Peabody spent the greater part of a year in Meadville, teaching in the family of Mr. Huidekoper, and preaching to a small congregation. We have been kindly permitted to make a few extracts from a private letter written by one who knew him at that time.

"At this distance of time I have only the remembrance of his unconscious influence upon us all. Everybody loved him. Those who could appreciate his rich intellect enjoyed his society with a keen pleasure; the uneducated loved him for his appreciation of their wants, the poor and the sick for his sympathy with their sufferings, and all recognized in his sphere an atmosphere of truth and purity and Christian humility. Near us there lived a poor woman (the mother of many children), whose days passed on in a monotonous round of work, and whose lamp burned late into the night, showing her faithful toil while the rest of the neighborhood slept. I remember how often he used to stop at her door and talk with her about the things that lay closest about her heart, and how much good his interest did her,—what sunlight it cast upon her anxieties and cares.

"Mr. Peabody preached sometimes in the country to the neighboring farmers. I recall a Sunday afternoon in autumn when he stood under a group of trees in their autumn foliage, around him the farmers of the vicinity, who had been hard at work getting in an abundant harvest and now sat with hearts at rest to listen to the preacher of God. Some of the village congregation had come out too, and we listened, awe-struck, to a sermon from the text, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' You can understand how solemn and imposing the whole scene must have been."

Mr. Peabody was ordained to the ministry, in Cincinnati, on the 22d of May, 1831, over a young society, in the midst of a youthful and enterprising community. The Rev. James Walker, D. D., now President of Harvard University, and the Rev Dr. Parkman, went to Cincinnati to attend his ordination. He entered on his labors full of hope and intellectual activity, and with boundless aspirations after knowledge and usefulness. He always looked back to this period of his life with a peculiar interest. He was then for the first time, as a full-grown man, thrown into close relations with men and women of cultivated and noble natures. He felt there the quickening consciousness of his own yet undeveloped faculties. He was led into new fields of thought. There first he had a home of his own. There he was brought face to face with the stern and terrible realities of life. During his residence there, the cholera first visited this country, moving from place to place as suddenly, and carrying with it in its visitations

dismay and destruction as widely and fearfully as an invading army. In its fatal and desolating attack on Cincinnati, carrying away as it did many of his personal friends, he had an opportunity to show how fearless and prompt and efficient he could be, as a pastor and friend, in that exposed and perilous situation, going from house to house, by day and by night, to comfort the bereaved and dying.

His labors in Cincinnati were constant and exhausting. Once, in the month of May, he wrote to a friend, that since the first of November he had written sixty sermons.. Besides, everything had to be done. There were the common claims of social intercourse. There were associations among the young for intellectual improvement. The institutions and moral habitudes of a new city were to be formed. He edited, and sometimes almost filled with his own pen the pages of "The Western Messenger," a religious journal published in Cincinnati. His nearest ministerial exchange was at Louisville, five hundred miles off. Add to this the careless habits of one accustomed to robust health, and a climate in those cholera times more than usually debilitating to one brought up in the bracing sea and mountain air of New England, and we cannot wonder that his originally powerful constitution became enfeebled.

In August, 1835, he had a most serious attack of bleeding at the lungs, at the house of his friend, Dr. Putnam, in Roxbury. It occurred a few days before he was to deliver the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College. His friend read the poem which he had prepared. In October, his eldest, and at that time his only child, died in Watertown. Afflictions pressed thick and heavily upon them. The childless parents returned to the West. But it soon became evident that he must seek a milder climate. Leaving his young wife, whose eyes were in such a state that she could not even read the letters that he might send her, he went down the river in midwinter. The boat in which he went was frozen in near the mouth of the Ohio. Thinking that his hour had come, with solemn trust he wrote of his desolate situation, saying that where he had gone for life, the very air was filled with death. But after a while the imprisoned ship was re-

leased. He went to Mobile, and returned to Cincinnati late in the following spring, materially improved. He removed for a time to Dayton, then a small town, where food and shelter could be procured at a low price. Here his eldest daughter was born. Their pecuniary resources were almost exhausted. In order to meet their necessary expenses they had sold, not only their furniture, but articles still more endeared to them by their associations with the friends from whom they had come as wedding gifts. They were boarding at a country tavern. At this time occurred an incident characteristic of him, which is told by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who was then settled in Louisville.

"Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, 'I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that is a good resolution; let us see what we have to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. *First*, we have a home, we will submit to that. *Second*, we have the comforts of life, we will submit to that. *Thirdly*, we have each other. *Fourthly*, we have a multitude of friends. *Fifthly*, we have God to take care of us.' 'Ah!' said she, 'pray stop, and I will say no more about submission.'"

At Dayton he preached occasionally in the Episcopal church, greatly to the delight of the people. But a reprimand from the bishop put an end to this.

With the coming on of cool weather, in 1836, it was found that he must go again to the South. He asked and obtained a dismission from his society in Cincinnati. The separation was a hard thing for him and for them.

It has been a great pleasure to hear him spoken of by those who knew him there in his short ministry of a little more than four years. We have seen one, who was then a stranger in the place, separated from her friends, unknown to those around her, obliged to support herself by her own labors, who found how kind and efficient a friend he could be in her time of need. We have seen one who, suddenly made the widowed mother of six fatherless children, felt in that time of her tribulation how precious were the Christian counsels, consolations, and sympathies which he gave. We have seen those who then looked to him as their pastor when the dawn of life was opening upon them, before they had

known its burdens and sorrows. We have seen those who were then in the prime of their manhood, men of business and of cultivated intelligence, who delighted to listen to him in his public services, and to welcome him to their affluent and hospitable homes. And all have borne the same testimony to his gifts, accomplishments, and graces, to his singular simplicity, fidelity, and success as a minister of Christ. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him ; the eye that saw him, it gave witness to him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him, and justice was as a robe and diadem." He threw himself into this, the first field of his labors, with all the hopefulness of his large and earnest nature, with all the wealth of his yet undeveloped faculties and affections, ready to do what he could in any direction for the happiness, improvement, and comfort of those whom he might meet.

Not many weeks before his death, while he was in Milton, languishing and wasting away under his comfortless disease, a friend from Cincinnati who then visited him told him of a colored man there, now, we believe, in a prosperous and respectable position, who attributed all his prosperity and success to the encouragement and instruction which Mr. Peabody had given to him — teaching him to read — when he was poor and friendless. It was characteristic of Mr. Peabody, that he had forgotten all about it, and could not be made to believe that it was true.

Mr. Peabody was now without a parish. We have seen how low at this time his funds were. But he was scrupulous about accepting pecuniary aid from others, unless under the most pressing necessity. An anecdote, which he told us at the time of Mr. Huidekoper's death as among the grateful recollections of his friend, may be told here as reflecting almost equal honor on himself. Some time during this period of inability to work, Mr. Huidekoper came to him, and, with words even more kind than the offer, spoke of what his liabilities and wants must be, and put into his hands a check for several hundred dollars. He objected to receiving such a sum ; but seeing that it pained the good man to be

refused, and being moreover convinced by his reasoning, as he did not know into what straits he might be thrown, he took the check, though with a secret resolution not to present it unless he should be obliged to do so. It was never used. But a long time after, he received a letter from Mr. Huidekoper, saying that there was an error in his bank account, which he could understand only on the supposition that this check had not been used. Mr. Peabody's fine countenance was never tinged with a more beautiful expression than in recounting some act of personal kindness like this.

He returned to Mobile in the autumn of 1836. A Unitarian society had been formed there, and were building a church. They requested him to preach for them during the winter. He sent for his wife, who with her child, but with no other friend or attendant, came to him by way of the Ohio and Mississippi, and reached him just in time to be present at the dedication of the church. His health was greatly improved. He threw off his disease, he used to say, like an old garment, in the pine woods of Alabama. Late in the spring of 1837, he sailed with his family for New York, and spent some part of the summer with his mother in Peterborough, where she and his uncle, Dr. Abiel Abbot, then resided. In the autumn he was engaged to supply the pulpit of the Federal Street Church in Boston, during a part of the absence of Dr. Gannett, who was then in Europe. Here, for the first time in New England, his remarkable gifts as a preacher were recognized and felt.

While preaching in Boston, he received a call to be settled, with the writer of this article, over the First Congregational Church and Society in New Bedford. On the 23d of May, 1838, they were set apart as associate pastors, by the same religious services. Both were in feeble health. For six years they were there together, most of the time in habits of daily, and almost hourly, intimacy. The survivor dares not trust himself to speak of their relation to one another, or to the people of their charge. The pastors had no plan for their improvement, no professional engagement, however slight, no wedding or funeral, or more private act of personal intercourse with the members of their society, no studies, hardly indeed a thought of any impor-

tance, which they did not share in common. During those six years, we do not think that so much as a momentary misunderstanding ever threw its shadow over the pleasantness of their intercourse, or that either was ever met with a cold or averted look by any one of their people, who understood, as few societies could, the delicacy of the relation which their pastors held to them and to one another. In Mr. Peabody there was a largeness of soul, a quick and generous perception of what was due to the feelings and the weaknesses of another, a charity seeking not its own, an unpresuming, unexacting tenderness of affection, and, above all, a truthfulness of act and speech, which allowed of no concealment on his part, and left no room for suspicion or distrust. In a life singularly favored with the friendship of wise and good men, his friend must always look up with especial thankfulness to Almighty God, for those years of unre-served, unbroken, and unclouded intimacy with him,—an intimacy which afterwards underwent no change or diminution. In the last interview between the two, he spoke of it in terms too sacred to be repeated. The last word that his friend heard from his lips was in assent to the hope that this friendship, so long and so closely continued, was not to end here.

In the autumn of 1845, Mr. Peabody received and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the religious society worshipping in King's Chapel, Boston. It was a painful thing for him to leave the society to which he was so warmly attached, and which was so devotedly attached to him. But his infirm health needed the relief from exhausting mental labor which could be gained only by a change of place. He thought that in New Bedford he would not be able to work more than five years; but in Boston perhaps ten. His last sermon in Boston was on completing his tenth year. No altered feelings towards him were caused by his departure. They who regretted his decision, or who doubted the wisdom of the step which he had taken, never for a moment questioned the purity of his motives. Nor did their interest in him cease. When a slowly wasting mortal disease had laid its hand upon him, they waited with painful anxiety the news of its progress. The Sunday after his funeral, they who met in

King's Chapel with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts were not more a congregation of mourners, than those whose minister he had ceased to be eleven years before. The silence with which they listened to the faithful portraiture of their friend was disturbed only by the sobs which broke from them as they recalled the past, and remembered that they should look upon his face and hear his voice no more. At the close of the services, they could only express their "gratitude to God for the inestimable privilege they enjoyed, of listening to the wise and affectionate teachings, of witnessing the beneficent and blameless life, and of sharing in the priceless friendship, of one whose presence for many years was a light in all their homes, and whose disinterested goodness had endeared him to all their hearts."

He did a great amount of labor in Boston, and was much more careful of his health than he had been before. Finding that the act of writing, by confining him to the desk, was particularly injurious, he dictated his sermons to an amanuensis. He was thus led into more regular habits of study, devoting to it every day stated and regular hours. In 1853, he spent six months abroad, in poor health most of the time, but with a keen sense of enjoyment, especially in Italy. He returned invigorated, and seemed to himself as if he had taken a new lease of life. He engaged in his studies with new ardor, and probably never preached with more interest or power than during the winter after his return. In the spring of 1855 his strength was seriously impaired, and his disease assumed a most serious aspect. On the 30th of December, 1855, the last Sunday in the year, on the day which completed ten years of his ministry in Boston, he preached for the last time. As we read it now, the sermon which he then delivered partakes of a valedictory character, and comes to us with its gentle and holy admonitions as a kindly and solemn farewell to the calling which had been so dear to his heart. The following are the last words that he ever uttered from the pulpit.

"We know that in a few years we shall all be gone. The fever of life will be over; its transient successes and reverses will have melted out of thought, like bubbles on a stream; the snows of winter will fall on our graves, and nothing will remain but what we bear with us in the soul. And in that heavenly

world which we at least hope to enter, one kind affection, a more settled principle of rectitude, a grateful heart, will be worth more than the prizes of the round world, — these are not counted in heaven. Then, while life is yours, and choice is yours, and there is time and room, establish in the soul some definite and fixed plan of living, which shall look forward to the immortal life, and upward to Christ and to God."

In February, 1856, he left home for St. Augustine in Florida. The journey was very exhausting, and though he recovered partially from its effects, he returned home in June with strength greatly impaired, and with no alleviation in the symptoms of the disease that was painfully wearing out his life. It was thought best that he should leave the noise and confinement of the city, and on the 20th of July he moved to a pleasant residence near the Blue Hill in Milton.

"A more attractive and salubrious place," says Dr. Robbins, "for the summer residence of such an invalid could not have been found, nor could New England furnish more charming scenery for the last fond, earthly gaze of a Christian poet's eye. . . . A dry and healthful atmosphere circulated freely around him; a large and select library was within his reach; a lovely family served him with a devotion as unobtrusive as it was unbounded; thoughtful friends paid him timely visits, bringing flowers and fruits and news, and lingering to watch the interchanging expressions of child-like playfulness and saint-like seriousness, of gentle sympathy and august reserve, which, by turns, enlivened and deepened his pale and sunken countenance. How richly he enjoyed this summer and early autumn in Milton may be imagined. He spoke of his residence there with profound gratitude. It seemed to us as if Providence, whom he so meekly trusted, and nature, which he always loved so fondly, and human friendship, which he cherished so sacredly, were conspiring together to alleviate the pain and sadness of his decline, — gladly uniting their ministrations to beautify the closing scene of so pure and beautiful a life."

Mr. Peabody probably enjoyed as much in Milton as it was possible for him to enjoy anywhere. He always loved to have room and freedom. He could look out from his piazza to the Wachusett, and even to the New Hampshire mountains, near which his childhood had been spent. He spoke constantly of the beautiful prospects that opened before him wherever he went. It was touching to hear him speak of the kindnesses which he

was receiving, alike from old friends and from those whom he had hardly known before. He was deeply affected by the delicate perception of his condition that was shown, and the considerate way in which kindnesses were conferred and attentions which he was too weak to receive were withheld. Sometimes, especially in the twilight of evening, we seemed to have our old friend back again. For half an hour, perhaps, his countenance would resume its old look, and his voice flow out in its old tones, and the thoughts and hopes of other days were revived. But he was laboring under a most comfortless and depressing disease. For months he had hardly known what it was to have one pleasant physical sensation. Yet he was slow to receive the idea that he could not recover. "If Providence," he said "could care for so poor a concern as I am, it would seem as if this exquisite Milton air, so dry and soft, and all the surroundings here, were just what are needed to restore me." As late as the 22d of August, he spoke of himself as "steadily improving." So deceptive was the disease to him, that about this time he wrote to his church-wardens, that he hoped to be able to supply his pulpit half the time in October.

After this it was thought best to inform him of his condition. In answer to some questions from him on the subject, he was told that his physician thought there was no probability of his being able to preach again. "This winter?" he said, turning towards his friend a solemn, inquiring look, as if he were unable to take in all that was meant by the words. He was told, that there was no prospect of his being able ever to preach again. There was a short pause. He then asked other questions respecting his disease. One, it is remembered, he put in the gentle, submissive tone of a little child. "How soon is it thought that it will terminate?" To this no definite reply could be given, whether it would be in a few months or a year or two. The conversation that followed was calm, thoughtful, and childlike. There was no struggle in his mind. He loved life, and everything about it had been pleasant to him. He more than once expressed his thankfulness that the whole truth had now been told him. He would "be glad to do a little more work." In reference to his sons,

he spoke of his own fatherless boyhood. "My children—but if either of us must be taken, it is better that I should be the one." He would rather trust them to their mother's instincts and affections, than to his own prudence. He spoke of the provision which had been kindly made for the education of his sons. This was the only reference he made to his worldly affairs. Death was spoken of as only the mode of passing from the natural world to the spiritual world. It was in the deepening twilight of a beautiful summer's day, and no word fell from him which did not harmonize with the peaceful stillness of the place and the hour, and with that purer world which seemed to enfold him round.

After returning to Boston, on the 1st of October, the change was more rapid than had been anticipated. But he loved to see his friends once more, though he could only take them by the hand, and look upon them, and whisper to them his blessing. He was interested in passing events. He recalled the beautiful scenes which he had passed through in Europe. He made up his mind how he should vote, with a solemn sense of his accountability to God for that, his last act as a citizen. But when the day came, he was too weak to go out. The shadows of life were deepening around him. He set his house in order. He provided and gave directions so minutely for everything, that, when he had passed away, his family found that there was little for them to do but to carry out what he had planned. Among his last acts, he dictated messages of consolation to friends who had been tried by heavy sorrows.

The night after Thanksgiving was in his home a long and painful night of expectation and watching. He could not bear that his sister and daughters should witness his sufferings. He asked that they might be called, when he was supposed to be within fifteen minutes of the end. The last brief words of tenderness and of Christian counsel were given. He seemed to be reviewing his life, which he spoke of more than once as having been very happy. He spoke of his father, and of his love and reverence for the physician who had been so much more than a physician to him through his long illness. Then, after a few minutes of

quiet, and apparent unconsciousness, at half past nine o'clock on Friday morning, the 28th of November, 1856, his earthly life was ended. He had gone to his rest.

His ministry on earth was over. How wisely, how faithfully and successfully, it had been accomplished, is attested by the ardent, loving attachment of those to whom he ministered, and the tearful benedictions which they pronounce on his memory, even more than by the words of sorrowful commendation which they publicly used.

Among the words thus adopted at a meeting of the Society worshipping in King's Chapel, to give expression to their feelings, are these:—

“ We bow in humble submission to this mysterious Providence: we offer our grateful acknowledgments to the Divine Goodness for that he hath so long spared to us our friend, to be our guide, our instructor, and our companion. . . . Our eyes overflow with sorrow when we recall the image of our departed friend: a presentment so noble; a deportment of such blended dignity and sweetness; a manner so genial, that his entrance into our dwellings seemed to shed light and warmth on all around him. . . . We humbly and fervently pray that the example and instructions of our departed friend may not be thrown away, but may be productive of lasting good to us; that our hearts may be touched, our desires and our wishes purified;—and that our conduct for the remainder of our lives here may be improved; so that at the last we may come to the eternal joy which is promised to those who are pure in spirit.”

The funeral was on Tuesday, the 2d of December. There was a prayer in his study, and public services in the church. On the following Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, whom he had asked, as one of his old and most intimate friends, to perform this office for him, stood in his place, and preached from a text and on topics which he had suggested. He had asked that then, as in the funeral services, there might be no reference to himself. But when told that this could not be, he reluctantly yielded, saying to his friend, “ Do what you must,—what the necessity of the occasion demands,—but do it, I beseech you, with the utmost possible moderation and reserve: remember how I feel about it,—protect me as well as you can,—there

are so many better and higher things to speak of than anything relating to me." He suggested for his text the first verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, as expressing his feelings towards his people.

"Tell them," he said, "from me, that as I love them, I desire nothing for them in comparison with this, that they be individually, decisively, consistently Christian, in mind and life. Tell them I say it from within the shadow of the grave, and in view of the eternal world. Tell them — as I would but cannot — how important I deem it that the children and youth of the parish should be early trained in the systematic knowledge of Christian principles. Tell them to lean with entire confidence and unreserve on the authority of Christ as the revealer of God. The natural creation, he said, reveals but half of God. The pitiful, the tender God, the Father, such as we all want to fly to, whom such poor weak ones as I am, at least, cannot do without — is only revealed, and is truly revealed, by the tender and pitiful Christ."

"When," says Dr. Putnam, "the bed from which he was not to rise again was spread for him at last in his library, it happened to be so placed that at the foot of it there hung a little drawing of his early humble home among the New Hampshire hills, and his eye fell directly upon it; and right over it, from the same nail there happened to be suspended a little cross which a young friend had made for him, covered with country mosses. The cross over the home! — and his the home, the child's home. He noticed the conjunction, and dwelt upon it with grateful pleasure, and the next day, when dictating this sermon which he felt he was to preach, though through another's lips, he recurred very impressively to that picture and the cross over it, emblems to him of the inseparable connection there should be between childhood and religion. Speaking of the cross as the symbol of the Christian faith, — the light of love and piety kindling in those deep, deep eyes, and beaming out in the way we all know so well, — he said, 'O my friend, depend upon it, no theory of human life can stand which leaves that out, the Cross!'"

The expressions which we quoted at the beginning of this article are not the exaggerated words of bereaved affection, which, as the real image of a friend fades away, fills its place with the lineaments of an ideal perfection.

There never was a more truthful spirit than his. No change of place, or altered condition of life, no artificial

state of society into which he might be thrown, or considerations of expediency, ever disturbed the perfect simplicity and truthfulness of his mind. His whole intellectual, moral, and æsthetic nature was set against every kind of exaggeration, and everything that was got up for effect. It was seen through at once by his penetrating intellect, it was condemned by his moral judgment, and it offended his taste. His feelings were not allowed to interfere with the calm deliberations of his mind, but were thrust aside or cautiously watched as interested parties. And his imagination, which kindled his whole nature, and spread before him visions of ideal splendor and loveliness, had been so schooled into subjection to the severest exactions of truth, that of late years it has been only in unrestrained moments of personal intercourse that any one could see how vigorous and affluent it was. As a consequence of this simple truthfulness of mind, there was no man who more easily saw through every species of pretension or disguise, who had a keener insight into character, who in practical matters more readily separated the real from the adventitious, or whose judgment on matters within the enlarged range of his knowledge carried with it more the authority of wisdom itself.

There never was a safer counsellor. His love of truth and justice, his sense of honor, his knowledge of men and affairs, his entire forgetfulness of self, the ease with which he threw himself into the condition and feelings of others, especially of the young, and the affectionate tenderness with which he looked upon their failings, gained their confidence, and enabled him for their good to speak with a degree of plainness which would hardly have been tolerated in another. And here, as indeed everywhere else, the kindness of his nature showed itself. There are many who, seeing the outside faults of those whom they meet, stop there and have nothing further to do with them. But with him, the same keenness of perception which enabled him to see the faults, enabled him also to see the virtues and the yet undeveloped capabilities of good, that lay obscured behind them. Hence he often liked, and was sometimes on terms of intimacy with, persons who, to superficial observers, seemed as if they could have nothing in com-

mon with him. But under the appearance of worldliness or fashion, the ostentation, ambition, affectation, or vanity on the outside, which common religious observers might regard as making up the whole of their lives, he, with his larger sympathies and deeper insight into character, saw nobler qualities, or at least the capacity for higher and better things. And there was, perhaps, no class of persons on whom he exercised a more beneficent influence in his personal relations. Many a young woman, we believe, in the whirl and bewilderment of fashion, seeming as if she thought of nothing and lived for nothing higher, all the while secretly longing for some more satisfying good, yet not knowing how, or not having the moral strength, to seek and find it for herself, has been drawn, perhaps by some light and playful remark at first, within the sphere of his wise and Christian sympathies, and, almost unconsciously to herself, has been led to the knowledge and experience of a divine life, with its duties and its joys. And from personal intercourse with him, in the simplicity and friendliness of his daily walks, men of hard and worldly views have found an influence entering deeper, lifting them higher, and gradually changing their motives and their plans of life. He did not know, perhaps they did not know it. But some portion of the "virtue" which he had imbibed from a close and prayerful walk with Christ had unconsciously gone out from him to touch their hearts, to quicken their virtues, to enlarge or elevate their views of life, and make them think more of their duties to man and God. "I knew him well enough," said a generous-hearted man, "to make me feel ashamed of myself." And in many hearts, we may believe, his modest, unpretending, self-forgetting life and conversation may have placed before them a purer ideal of Christian character, awakened within them holier purposes, and drawn them on to higher deeds.

What he once said in describing the influence of the hidden life may be applied to himself: —

"His counsels have the wisdom of rectitude. His silence is better than other men's deeds. And wherever he is, none knows how, and happily he least of all knows how, a blessed influence goes out from him, and all around are more gentle, more disinterested, more just, more devout, because he dwells

in their midst. As a light which does not know how its own shining makes all dark things bright, so he but lives, and, without knowing it, quickens the better life in those around."

Perhaps there was nothing for which he was more remarkable than his severely just, but at the same time generous, appreciation of character.

"To hear him," says Mr. Weiss, "bring forth with a few easy strokes some person's nature into a sculptured precision, was one of the delights of his society. The strokes were easy, but they were minute and careful, and never omitted an essential line, however delicate. . . . And finding him never once mistaken, you accepted the character which he deliberately gave of any person as a sort of fate. . . . How quietly he would rectify your false impressions of a friend or neighbor, and adjust a variety of minds in the same circle, to keep the same time, though with separate beats!"

The gentleness of his affections, the sweetness of his nature, the modest and disparaging view which he took of his own ability and attainments, have led even some of his best friends, we think, to underrate his intellectual powers and accomplishments. The love of knowledge and of intellectual improvement was, we should say, by nature and early education, the passion of his life. Till it had been subdued into its rightful position by the higher principles of Christian duty, the love of intellectual greatness was his ruling ambition. He had not a metaphysical turn of mind, but he had an eye which took in at a glance wide fields of knowledge, where it was a joy and luxury for him to roam at large, and in his own peculiar way make himself acquainted with everything that belonged to them. On the most important subjects, few of our ablest scholars have read so much, or have formed their opinions by so wide, so thorough, and so impartial an investigation of all the facts which have a bearing on the case. He left the show and lumber of learning behind, bearing with him only the matured and finished results of his labors. The perfect success with which those results had been elaborated, and the simple, common-sense terms in which they were presented, concealed the variety and extent of his studies, and the vigor and comprehensiveness of his mind.

So with respect to his moral qualities. To those who knew him but little, the gentleness of his nature sometimes obscured the manliness and strength which ran through his whole character. He was more earnest to allow the claims of others than to assert his own rights. In matters morally indifferent, he was ready to yield to the convenience, the wishes, and even the prejudices of others. But no man had a more decided individuality, or a more genuine and untamable independence of soul. He did not talk or dispute, or even think about it. He could not assume the part of another or put forth any other than the free and independent convictions of his own mind. It was so even in his private and playful moments. And when he entered his study or his pulpit, he lent himself to no man's influence. He asked no other question of himself, but only how he might best awaken in men's hearts a sense of the great and solemn realities of life, or how he might most effectually impress upon them a sense of their obligations to God, and their duties to one another. His care was for his message, not for himself. With all his gentleness and his profound humility, there was a lofty personal independence, which gave its crowning dignity to his bearing, and which could no more be turned out of its direction than the rainbow, yielding as its nature is, could be bent out of its true curve.

But we must not dwell on particular traits. He loved the office of a Christian minister. He loved its private labors of preparation, and all the duties growing out of it. He loved its studies, even in the now somewhat neglected department of theology. He loved to prepare sermons. He loved to preach; and in certain qualities no one has surpassed him as a preacher. He excelled in the clear, persuasive, and convincing simplicity of his instructions. In the illustrations which he sometimes threw over his subject, in the pictures which showed forth the beauty of holiness, the charm and loveliness of our religion in the domestic and social relations, or its influence in forming the character, and imparting to it strength, vitality, and dignity, he spoke sometimes with a pathos and a power which we have never heard equalled. Some of his sermons, as he de-

livered them, were such a combination of wisdom and love, the severest principles of duty set forth by such appeals to the heart, his eye and the tones of his voice so carrying his words down into the depths of our nature, that no one, we have thought, could listen without tears, or go away without at least a momentary impulse and desire to live a holier and better life.

Mr. Peabody loved to work. His life was one not only of continuous, but at times of concentrated and intense labor. Almost from the earliest years of his academical life, he devoted himself with persevering industry to the study and formation of style. So skilful did he become in this respect, that his practised ear would detect almost any prominent author of our day in hearing a few of his sentences read, though he had never met with them before. He wrote poetry early in life, as an exercise by which to gain the power of making in language exact transcripts from nature. In this way he gained his extraordinary power of presenting living pictures to the eye. An article of his which was published in the North American Review in 1854 is one of the most remarkable instances that we remember of this power of word-painting. Not only the general aspect of the country, but the very atmosphere, its depth and softness, the landscape reposing in it, and the people who in breathing it seem to partake of its tone and character, are pictured before us.

Mr. Peabody's sermons were distinguished for their substantial good sense, and for reasonings which sometimes undermined, one after another, every position that could be taken against him. This good sense, expressed in severe, strong language, was not unfrequently all that was to be found in a single discourse. But this does not touch the secret of the great power which he exercised over those who listened habitually to his preaching. It was only the preparatory work. It was the cold, hard appeal to the understanding,—none the less cold and hard, because it was felt all the while to be real and unanswerable. With this intellectual hardness, this unrelenting adherence to the truth, there went a weight of moral conviction, a profound sincerity which no one could doubt, a sense of the solemnity and importance of the subject, which, as set forth in the naked,

prosaic features of the sermon, were sometimes almost painful, and gave the impression of a persistent and merciless severity from which there could be no escape. But suddenly the hard tones of the voice melted into pathos, an infinite tenderness seemed to pervade his whole nature, as he placed before his hearers images of moral danger, of Christian faith or love, of patience under suffering, or of hope in death, which touched every heart, disarmed opposition, and sometimes seemed almost to suspend the breathing of the audience as they hung tearfully upon his words.

After Dr. Peabody removed to Boston, his style of preaching changed. A few weeks before his death he said: "I have got tired of rhetoric even in speeches. I want no man to come over me with his words. I prefer the plain, prosaic bread of truth, no matter how dull or simple. The truth! We have got finally to stand upon it; and I thank no man for trying to glorify or hide it by his rhetoric." This, which was always his prevailing feeling, had been growing upon him with years. The consequence was, that, in his later sermons, his imagination showed itself less in separate and extended pictures, and infused its coloring more, like the veins of some beautiful marble, through the whole mass of his thought. In reading them, we seem at times to be brought once more within the charm of that genial, diffusive nature, which spread itself out over those who were with him, like the pleasant atmosphere of a summer's day. They are marked by a profounder seriousness than usually settled on his countenance in his social hours. But the mellowness of his own ripening affections, his calmer wisdom, and richer thought, pervaded alike his private conversation and his public instructions. Compared with his former writings, his later sermons are marked by greater severity, and at the same time greater freedom of expression, a more penetrating and comprehensive wisdom, greater freshness of feeling, a more subdued solemnity and tenderness, and an imagination enriched by the studies and experience of life, and working as a vitalizing energy through the whole living texture of the composition.

But if we were to select the one character in which we love most to think of him, and where he stands pre-

eminent in the noble qualities of his manly, generous, and affectionate nature, it would be as the advocate and friend of the helpless and unprosperous. It fell to his lot to be connected with rich societies, and never were the members of such societies more fortunate in having for their minister one who, from a Christian point of view, wisely, firmly, affectionately pressed upon them a sense of their obligations to the poor. Wherever within his reach there was suffering to be relieved, there his sympathies were engaged, and he felt that there was something for him and his friends to do. Only a very intimate acquaintance with him, and a careful attention to what most interested him for a series of years, would lead any one to suspect the amount and value of his services in this direction. The poor slave seeking for himself and his people a home beyond the reach of the oppressor, found him ready to contribute from his own not abundant means, and to present his case to those who were more able to furnish assistance than himself. The young scholar, longing for an education, but unable to meet the expenses of a college course, found him not only ready to give encouragement and advice, but to be his advocate with those who rejoiced to help on young men of industry and promise. A foreigner, with a family dependent upon him for support, but without money, without friends, and without employment, came to him weary and sick at heart. He saw his worth, felt for him in his depressed and comfortless situation, and, determining to set him up in business, contributed more perhaps than he ought to have contributed himself, and called on some of his friends who always delighted to aid him in his works of beneficence, and now that man and his family are prosperous and respected. When a society was formed for the aid of disabled and aged ministers, he entered heartily into it, and was chosen to its most responsible office.

He loved little children. His open, genial, playful disposition brought him at once into pleasant relationship with them. He loved to look on the countenance of a little child. The doctrine of native, total depravity, as it was once held, he shrank from with instinctive horror. But it was the exposed, abandoned child, that called out all the pathos of his eloquence.

"The very helplessness of a child," he said, in pleading for the support of an Orphans' Home in New Bedford, "who can resist its appeal? A helpless, destitute, friendless child,—it is the saddest spectacle on the sinful and guilty earth. In a world of homes, it is an orphan. The morning of life breaks on it frosty and cheerless. It is welcomed with no caresses, it rests from play in no loving arms. . . . No mother bends over it in prayer, each night before she sleeps. No cheerful light of suns, no blessed dews of heaven, give beauty to the morning of life. It sees others happy in happy homes,—beloved, watched over, cared for by unsleeping affections; but in childhood, made up of affections, it has none to love,—none who wish for its love. . . . Let us hear the appeal which these little ones make to our hearts. . . . If you had a happy home in childhood, and knew the worth of a mother's love; if you have little ones of your own on whom you would have the blessing of God, in his name who has had mercy on you and yours, have mercy on these friendless, orphan children."

The appeal was not in vain. The Orphans' Home, in behalf of which these words were spoken, was established on a permanent basis, and now for more than sixteen years has been gathering these friendless little ones beneath its shelter.

He did much to bring the rich and poor together in their Christian relations, for the benefit of all. No one has painted the privations and sorrows of the poor in more affecting colors. In an article on the Moral Power of Christ's Character, first printed in the Christian Examiner, and afterwards published as a tract by the Unitarian Association, is a picture, such as no other man among us could give, of the affecting and beautiful relations which may connect the fresh sympathies of the young and happy with the poor and desolate in their loneliness and sorrows. He delighted to throw the beauty and holiness of a Christian faith around the charities of life. But he was more anxious that the reason should be convinced, than that the feelings should be interested. In order that his appeals might not end in words, or lead to a species of sentimentality, for which he had the most hearty contempt, he was earnest to engage the young in works of Christian charity. That their charities might be something more than a series of irregular, excited efforts, he established a school in which young persons, coming from their refined and luxurious

homes, might teach the first elements of knowledge to rude, coarse, uneducated men and women. For the same reason he went earnestly into the plan for dividing the whole city of Boston, as New Bedford had been divided before, into districts, assigning each district to responsible persons, whose duty it should be to search out the cases of poverty within its limits. In this way, all applications for aid would be looked into, and the deserving poor relieved, while no excuse would be left for the street-begging which had been so fertile a source of imposition. Indeed, the Boston Provident Association, one of the most useful and effective organizations ever formed in this city for the benefit of the poor, to use words unanimously adopted by the Association, "chiefly owes its origin" to him; "and to his exertions, his power of engaging others in its service, and to the public confidence in his judgment and good opinion, it is indebted for much of its subsequent success."

These are some of the walks in which his modest and Christian life was spent. He loved his books, and, as he advanced in years, his intellectual tastes were "expanding into larger circles of reading and thought." He loved to explore minutely any department of knowledge, especially those in which the interests and welfare of human beings were concerned. He often went entirely out of his profession, and made himself familiar with different habits of thought and expression, in order to escape the stiffness and one-sidedness which destroy the symmetry of those who are wholly given to professional studies. Yet no man loved his own profession more, or followed it with greater singleness of purpose. Wherever he went, in nature, in society, in his light reading, or his more serious investigations and pursuits, his constant thought was how he might turn his new attainments to account, so that they should adorn and enrich the chosen field of his labors. He loved theology as a study, and delighted in the clear and convincing arguments by which the truth of our religion, and its essential doctrines, are placed on a substantial foundation. He loved to soar among its highest thoughts. But he loved most of all to live among its active affections, and to follow out its precepts in their practical application to the daily conduct of life. He loved to be

with the young. He loved and reverenced those whose gray hairs were the crown of a long and faithful life. He loved his friends. There was no caprice in his affections. Like Him whose follower he was, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." He remembered them, and yearned towards them with increased tenderness as the close of his earthly being drew near; and the few brief words of love and thankfulness which he spoke in his last interviews will be remembered by them as a part of the precious inheritance which they shall carry with them to their dying day.

His conversation will not easily be forgotten by those who were permitted to enjoy it in his more private hours. It was unlike any other.

"It was," says Mr. Weiss, in words which happily characterize it, "a continuous, unpremeditated overflow of clear, sparkling, gentle waters. It appeared as if his mind, having filled up with its natural variety, quietly let it ripple over the margin of his lips. The filtered flow escaped in even measure, not without cheerful and refreshing sounds, but with neither effort nor self-consciousness. It was not a talk, but a release of ideas. A cheerful and serene disposition rested over it, and all day long the same even climate was preserved. Facts from books, from travels, and from human life, bright touches of personal characters, sensible results of experience, were all in this escape of his mind's fulness, with a grave mood occasionally passing over it as from the shadow of a tranquil wing. How willingly he let the mirth of others break into his lapsing talk, and what a pleasant repartee would come, after just a moment's hesitation or lingering over the act, like the occurring of ripples in a serene course. But his mind seemed most naturally engaged in the equable diffusion of its own surplus, to deposit golden instruction and suggestion quietly by the way, not to leap wide in flashes, nor to settle in deep pools. His conversation was the autumn harvesting of a temperate zone."

To those who met him alone in his confidential moments, there was something even deeper and loftier than this. They saw in him the reverential simplicity and loving trust which sometimes, in its still moments, settle down on the countenance of a child. In his tones there was a gentle and subdued tenderness, as he spoke, perhaps, of his more private personal experience, of his obligations to others, of the mysteries that

lie around us, or the more delicate spiritual perceptions and relations by which we are connected with the holy, loving providence of God. At such times, we could look down into the still waters, and see how pure and deep the fountains were from which he drew his spiritual instructions. There was no sediment in his nature. Those who knew him in his most private and unguarded moments cannot recall a single instance in which, by so much as a tone or look, he gave the slightest indication of a jealous, unkind, or revengeful feeling, or, as Dr. Putnam has said, the slightest touch of ostentation, or any lurking desire for admiration or applause. There was no hidden enmity, or disappointed ambition, to disturb his peace. It was affecting to see how inappreciable by any common sensibilities were the acts which he at such times confessed, not without a blush, as the cause of painful regrets to him. For instance, he several times, and once only a little while before he died, spoke in this way of a criticism which he had made to a friend about his preaching, eighteen years before. He may possibly have been mistaken in his criticism. But we are sure, that no suggestions could have been made with a kinder purpose. Nor could they have been expressed in more gentle tones, more delicate words, or a more friendly spirit. Yet through all those years of crowded life till the shadows of the tomb were gathering over him, the thought of what he had then done went with him and gave him pain. How spotless must the life have been on which an act like this could show as a stain, and how sensitive must the moral perceptions have been which could feel it for so long a time as something to be sorrowed over and repented of! This sensitiveness was not the effect of a morbid temperament. For, notwithstanding his repeated and long-continued illnesses, there was nothing by which he was more remarkably characterized through life than the healthiness of his mind, and the manliness both of his views and his feelings.

The Christian hopes which cheered his last days were distinguished by the same modest self-distrust which had marked his religious character through life. He placed no reliance on anything that he had done. He seemed disturbed, and almost distressed, when his friends spoke

of their obligations to him, or of the satisfaction he must take in looking back on a life of usefulness. At the earnest request of one who, in common with many others, felt that, under Providence, she owed the salvation of her soul to him, mention was made to him a few weeks before his death of her feelings towards him. He was thankful to be so remembered. "But then," he added, as one of his old smiles faintly lighted up his faded countenance for a moment, "they are mistaken in thinking that I have done anything for them. They are full of affection, and so out of the kindness of their own hearts have persuaded themselves that they owe something to me."

His life fell so far below his own standard, that he could hardly find words in which to express his sense of its worthlessness. He bowed himself meekly and humbly before his Maker. There was nothing about him of that conceit which sometimes makes even devout men dwell complacently on themselves as peculiar objects of the Divine mercy. The very thought of self seemed to be lost as he looked up to the perfect will of God, and waited his appointment, thankful for the past, and, as he said, "without fear, or hope, or wish, or dread," in regard to the future. He believed in Christ with convictions strengthened by every new strain that was put upon his faith. He suffered as few men have; "but why should he not?" Indeed, his sufferings did not even raise, in its application to himself, the question which he had so often asked in its relation to others. He trusted in the mercy of God, our Father,—not *his*, in any peculiar sense, but *our*, Father in heaven. "I have not," he said, "been much of a father to my children; but when they have done wrong, and come back sorrowing and penitent, I am glad to receive them. Will he be less merciful than I?" The assurances in this connection were enough. It seemed to him ingratitude and impiety to doubt. With unquestioning reliance on the mercy of God, he went through his slow-wasting and harassing disease, thoughtful for every one, sending messages—of love and words of consolation, doing everything that could be done to lessen the sharpness of the stroke to those on whom it must fall so heavily.

He shrunk from being made the subject of eulogy.

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But it is not for his sake that we have spoken of him. When he who moved among us with so serene a dignity is gone, and our eyes shall look upon him no more, it is good for us to dwell affectionately and reverently amid the qualities which so endeared him to us, to cherish them for ourselves and our children, as the richest legacy which the saintly dead can leave to those whom they have loved, and thus live still in those virtues and affections of his which cannot die. "I think," he said in his simple way, in the last sermon that he preached,— "I think such brotherly affection goes beyond the tomb." It lingers also behind, and lives with those who remain. It must not be permitted to die out. The name and memory of such men cannot be forgotten without a mournful loss to the community in which they lived.

Few men have been so loved and honored as he has been, or so worthy of love and honor. His example still remains to shed its influence abroad in the lives of his friends, and "through them, in ever-enlarging circles, into the hearts of others." The form that dwelt among us with a presence so engaging, and a dignity so gentle and so holy, has gone to its eternal home. The mild, munificent eye that looked upon us so kindly, is closed. The voice whose rich melodies, telling as they did of richer melodies within, were so dear to us, in whose tones the stern demands of truth melted into pathos, will come to us no more. But the sentiments which he has awakened or strengthened in the community will live on. The joy and loveliness which he has imparted to life may go with us. The affections which he has quickened, the thoughts, subdued to the hard lines of justice itself, which he has implanted in other minds and made a controlling principle in their lives, the memory of what he was, urging us on as a voice from behind, the hopes which he inspired, as voices from above calling us up to higher worlds, the unimpassioned, unexaggerated views which he presented of life and death, the pictures which he drew of heavenly agencies around us, and the visions which he has shown to us of immortality opening to the sorrowing or dying believer, may spread themselves around us, and throw the softening glories of heaven over the dull, hard labors and cares of our earthly condition.

J. H. M.

ART. VII.—MACWHORTER ON THE MEMORIAL NAME.*

WERE it not that this publication comes to us under the patronage of a respectable Professor in Yale College, and of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, which publishes it in a condensed form, we could hardly consider it worthy of our notice. But being brought forward with such parade, as presenting an argument of great importance, some of our readers will wish to know what is the amount of the matter. We will not undertake to characterize the work as a specimen of exegetical theology, as that would require a not very pleasant use of language. We will rather briefly examine the writer's leading proposition, the new discovery which he claims to have made, namely, that the name of the Deity, JEHOVAH, or, as it was probably originally pronounced, YAHVEH, "is the great Messianic name of the Old Testament"; that "it is not properly rendered 'I am,' but 'He who will be.'" † Who they are who have maintained that Jehovah should be rendered "I am," we are at a loss to conjecture. We never saw, heard, or read of any such person.

The argument of Mr. MacWhorter is founded on the etymological derivation, or sense, of the proper name of the Supreme Being, *Jehovah*, as it has been commonly written and pronounced in English. The Hebrew term, whether pronounced *Jehovah*, or *Yahveh*, all allow to be the proper name applied by the Hebrews to the Supreme Being, just as Jupiter was the name of the supreme god of the Romans, and Zeus of the Greeks. The term translated "God" was generic, and was applied to heathen gods, and even to human beings. But "Jehovah," or "Yahveh," was the incommunicable name, the proper name of the God of the Jews, which could be applied to no other being. Still, as nearly all the proper names of the Jews, such as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, had a certain etymological meaning, founded on some fact, or trait of character, so it was, as has been generally supposed, with the proper name of the

* *Yahveh Christ, or the Memorial Name.* By ALEXANDER MACWHORTER, Yale University. With Introductory Letter by NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D., Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology, Yale Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. pp. 10 and 179.

† Page v.

Supreme Being. Almost all modern Hebraists, as well as those of former times, suppose the name to be derived from the future tense of the old grammarians, or the imperfect, i. e. the un-perfect, of the more modern grammarians, of the Hebrew verb denoting *existence, being, becoming*. The obsolete form of the Hebrew verb קָרְבַּן, "to exist," "to be," "to become," is קָרְבָּה, of which the future or imperfect tense is קָרְבָּה, or קָרְבָּה, which would be pronounced Yahveh, and it means either "he is," or "he will be," as the connection may require. For all who are acquainted with Hebrew grammar know that, as there are only two tenses in Hebrew, the praeter, and the future or un-perfect, the latter tense is much more comprehensive and indefinite than the English, the Greek, or the Latin future. The Hebrew proper name of the Supreme Being, Yahveh, according to what in all probability was the original pronunciation, denotes "he exists," or "he will exist," or "he is," or "he will be." So the proper name "Jacob" is, in the Hebrew, the future or imperfect tense of the verb meaning "to supplant," and means "he supplants"; and the name Isaac is, in the Hebrew, the future tense of the verb meaning "he laughs."

And now the question arises, why the term meaning "he exists" or "will exist," or "he is" or "will be," was applied to the Supreme Being. According as this question is answered, it must be decided whether all the world up to the time of Mr. Mac Whorter has been right, or whether he is right in his entirely new and paradoxical view.

The received opinion of all classes of interpreters, whether Jew or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, orthodox or heterodox, whether they pronounced the word Jehovah, or Yahveh, up to the time of Mr. Mac Whorter, has been, that the name Yahveh, or Jehovah, meaning, "He is," or "He will be," was given him to denote *his absolute, independent, and unchangeable existence and perfections, especially his faithfulness*; that it expresses the idea, that, whereas man and nature change, disappoint, and perish, the Supreme Being, Yahveh or Jehovah, the "He is," is unchangeable, is for ever, and will never disappoint those who put their trust in him. This explanation is easy and natural, and analogous to what occurs in other names of the Deity. Thus the

term rendered "God" denotes *mighty*, or *powerful*; that properly rendered *Lord* denotes *a monarch* or *ruler*. Accordingly we might expect the name Yahveh to denote something in the *nature* or *character* of the Supreme Being, something which he actually *is*, and not what he *will be* at some point of future time. Again, as the term Yahveh or Jehovah is strictly a proper name, we may not expect frequent allusions to its etymological sense, more than in other proper names, such as Abraham, Jacob, Peter, &c. Yet there are, we think, in the Old Testament, several allusions to the etymological sense of Jehovah, just as there are to that of Abraham and others. Thus in Mal. iii. 6: "I am Jehovah; *I change not*; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Hos. ii. 20: "Yea, I will betroth thee to me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know Jehovah." So xii. 5: "And Jehovah, God of hosts, Jehovah is his name." We think it probable, though not certain, that the term Jehovah has an emphatic sense, arising from its etymological meaning in several other passages, especially in Isa. xlix. 23; lii. 6. So in Exod. iii. 14, where Jehovah, in speaking to Moses, uses the first person of the substantive verb, instead of the third, saying that his name is "I am," or, in the larger phrase rendered in the common version, "I am that I am," but which, taking into view the indefinite, comprehensive sense of the Hebrew future, should be rendered, "I am what I shall be," or "I shall be what I am," i. e. "I am for ever the same, the Unchangeable." The Septuagint version, departing from the letter, translates 'Eyō εἰμὶ ὁ ὤν, "I am He that is," or "the Existenter,"—"He that is" hath sent me to you. But in all probability the Septuagint translators supposed the terms to imply, not simple existence, but *continued, unchanging, independent existence*. Again, in Exodus vi. 3, 4: "I appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as God Almighty; but by my name Jehovah was I not known to them; but I have also established my covenant with them." It will be hard to give a better explanation of this verse, than that of the old Commentators, as expressed by Poole: "He speaks not of the letters or syllables, but of the thing signified by the name. For that denotes all his perfections, and amongst others the eternity, constancy, and immutability of his nature

and will, and the infallible certainty of his words and promises. And this, saith he, though it was believed by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yet it was not experimentally [or in the same degree] known to them." So in the Apocalypse, the name of the Deity "who is, and was, and is to come," i. e. "is to be," is evidently designed as a periphrasis of the term Jehovah. So the Targum of Jerusalem, *qui fuit, est, et erit*. So the Targum of Jonathan, Deut. xxxii. 39. See also examples from the Talmud in Schoettgen and Wetstein. It is also in confirmation of this meaning of the name Jehovah, that Plutarch found this inscription on the temple of Isis in Sais, Ἐγώ εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονός, καὶ ὁν, καὶ ἐσόμενον, i. e. "I am that which was, and is, and will be." (Plut. de Isid. c. 9.) So in the Book of Wisdom, ch. xiii. 1: "And could not out of the good things that are seen know HIM THAT IS," τὸν ὄντα.

Thus from the probabilities of the case, from the emphatic uses of the term in passages of the Old Testament, from the mode in which the term was understood by the most ancient versions and Targums, and from the common sense of Jewish and Christian interpreters, up to the time of Mr. Mac Whorter, it appears that the name *Yahveh* was given to the Supreme Being to denote something relating to his nature and character, namely, that he was THE UNCHANGEABLE in respect to his nature and purposes. What he had promised, that he was able and willing to perform. Though a point of criticism is not to be settled by numbers, it is certainly a confirmation of this view, that the most able and learned modern lexicographers and Hebraists of different schools, such as Simonis, Gesenius, Ewald, Fürst, Winer, and others, unite with the ancients in this explanation. Whether they pronounce the word *Jehovah* or *Yahveh*, not one of them ever thought of the explanation of Mac Whorter. He was the first to teach Jew and Christian the meaning of the great name of the Deity,—a name which occurs thousands of times in the Old Testament, and is used almost uniformly by the Prophets. If there ever was a case in which the rule, *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*, could and should be applied, this surely is one.

But to come to Mr. Mac Whorter's explanation of Yah-

veh, and the reasons of it. He maintains that Yahveh denotes "He who is to come," "the Coming One," "the Deliverer," and that it was given to the Supreme Being to denote that he was one day to come in the form of a man, as the Messiah, the future Deliverer of the world. Yahveh Christ,—Jehovah the Anointed one, the Messiah,—this is the proposition he aims to establish. How does he proceed? He starts with a proposition, which all will admit. We know of no living Hebrew writer, or scholar, who disputes that the name *Yahveh* is what used to be called *the future*, but is now generally called by Hebrew grammarians *the imperfect*, i. e. *unperfect, unfinished*, tense of the Hebrew verb of existence, the verb signifying "to be," and in certain cases "to become." It thus *may* be translated *He will be*. But Mr. Mac Whorter's first error is in maintaining that it *must* be translated in the English future tense. Now every Hebrew scholar, nay, every Junior in every theological school in the country, who has got half-way through the Hebrew syntax, knows that, as there are only two tenses in Hebrew, what is called *the future* often denotes *the habitual present, continued action, or state of being*, and that it sometimes denotes even the past. It strikes us as something very extraordinary, that one who claims to have discovered what has escaped the notice of all the scholars in the world since the Christian era should not have given the slightest attention to this well-known idiom, and have informed his plain English readers, that *Yahveh* might be translated *He is*, as well as *He will be*; that it has no *necessary* reference to the future, rather than to the present. This is the more extraordinary, when it is known that, in several instances where names are derived from the same tense of the verb, the reference is *never* to the future, but to the past or present. Thus the name Isaac is the future tense of the Hebrew verb signifying *to laugh*. But it was given to him, not to denote that he was *one that would laugh* at some future time, but in reference to the circumstance that his mother Sarah laughed on a certain occasion. So the name Jacob is the future tense of the verb meaning *to supplant, or trip up*. But it was given him, not to denote that he *would be* a tripper-up, but because he had previously taken his

brother by the heel. These examples are alone sufficient to show the worthlessness of Mac Whorter's argument from the future tense, as it is inaccurately called, of the Hebrew verb signifying "to be."

II. Mr. Mac Whorter makes an enormous stride in interpretation, when he makes Yahveh, "He will be," to denote first "He *who* will be," then "He who will *come*," then "the coming one," then "the Deliverer." He slips in the relative "who," just as if it was the natural property of the future tense to include it, and as if Yahveh was a mere appellative, instead of a strictly proper name. Every one knows that it may just as well be maintained that the Latin *erit*, or the Greek *εσται*, means "He *who* is to be," "the coming one," "the Deliverer," as that the Hebrew Yahveh has this meaning. Then in regard to the word "to come," which he slips in in place of "to be," we maintain that such a use of the verb of existence is as contrary to Hebrew as to Greek, Latin, or English usage. *In connection with other words*, in all these languages, there may be an occasional use of "to be" instead of "to come." Thus it is immaterial whether it be said "kings *shall be* from thee," or "kings *shall come* from thee." But there is a very common Hebrew verb, as common as *venio* in Latin, or *ερχομαι* in Greek, meaning "to come"; and if any Hebrew writer had wished to express the sense, "the coming one," he knew how to do it, as well as any Latin or Greek writer knew how to express that meaning. In order to give an epithet to God, meaning that he was one who at some future day *would come* in human form as as a Deliverer, he never would have used a term meaning simply "he is," or "he will be," or "he becomes," or "he will become" (in which latter sense, the sense of *γίνομαι* in Greek, the Hebrew term is sometimes used). The Supreme Being certainly had an existence in the time of the Old Testament writers, and if any Hebrew writer had said of God "He will be," he would have been understood as asserting his continued existence, or else the question would have been asked, *What will he be?* As to the term "Deliverer," which Mr. Mac Whorter frequently uses as the meaning of "He will be," it is a still more extraordinary straining of language. We repeat it, the name *Yahveh* was not an appellative, but

strictly a proper name, derived etymologically, not grammatically, from the future, or imperfect, tense of the Hebrew verb of existence. In common use, there was probably in the mind of the Prophets as little reference to its etymological meaning as there was in the use of other proper names, such as Abraham, Judah, &c. As in the blessing of Jacob * there is reference by way of emphasis to the etymological meaning of the names of some of his sons, so there is occasionally in the Prophets to the name of the Deity, as we have seen.

III. Again, we might show by reference to the passages in which the Messiah is actually predicted, that, instead of being represented as identical with Jehovah, he is everywhere distinguished from him, represented as "raised up" by him, "sent" by him, &c., and that in no passage in which the Messiah is predicted is the name Jehovah applied to him. Thus in Isa. xi. 1-3: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and the spirit of Yahveh shall rest upon him, and shall make him of quick understanding in the *fear of Yahveh*," † &c. True he is called "Jehovah is our righteousness," or rather "Jehovah is our salvation," meaning that Jehovah would be the salvation of his people by raising up to David a righteous Branch, a prosperous King. ‡ But the same name is given to the city of Jerusalem. "This is the name by which *she* shall be called, Jehovah is our righteousness, or salvation." § And again, in Ezekiel, Jerusalem is called "Jehovah there," that is, "Jehovah is there." ||

IV. And now let us suppose, for the sake of argument, Mr. MacWhorter's new doctrine to be established, namely, that the name of the Supreme Being, *Yahveh*, or *Jehovah*, implied that at some future time "he would come," or that he was "the coming one." What then? It is well known that the Supreme Being in the Old Testament is said "to come," when he interfered by his providence either for punishment or deliverance. Thus, in Ps. l. 3: "Our God *shall come*, and shall not keep silence." Ps. xviii. 9: "He bowed the heavens also,

* Gen. xl ix.

† On the general question, whether the Deity of the Messiah is a doctrine of the Old Testament, the reader is referred to an article in the number of the Christian Examiner for January, 1836.

‡ Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.

§ Jer. xxxiii. 16.

|| Ezek. xlvi. 35.

and *came* down." Hab. iii. 3: "God *came* from Teman," &c. So he was said *to come* when he raised up Cyrus for the deliverance of his people from the captivity at Babylon. Thus Isa. xlvi. 2: "*I will go* before thee, and make the crooked places straight," &c. In the same way, undoubtedly, Jehovah might be said "*to come*" when he raised up Christ to save his people from their sins. His coming in the time of Christ no more implies his identity with Jesus, than his coming in the time of Cyrus proves his identity with that monarch.

We have neither time, space, nor patience to follow Mr. MacWhorter further. It would be easy to demonstrate the supreme absurdity of his exposition of Gen. iv. 1, where he tries to make it appear that our mother Eve first applied the name *Yahveh* to Cain on the supposition that he was the Messiah, notwithstanding he had a human father and became a murderer. But we leave it to the common sense of the reader. That Dr. Taylor and the editors of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* should expect to advance the cause of truth by the patronage of such attempts at Biblical interpretation, excites our special wonder. On this, as on other occasions, we have had reason to deplore the loss of the late Professor Stuart. He used to save us the trouble of brushing away such cobwebs as this which has been spun by Mr. MacWhorter.

G. R. N.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, by the REV. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B. D., D. D., &c., Prebendary of St. Paul's, &c. Tenth edition. Revised, corrected, and brought down to the Present Time. Edited by the REV. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B. D. (the Author), the REV. SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D. D. &c., and SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL. D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1856. 4 vols. pp. 624, 1100, 745, and 750.

It would hardly be necessary to give a critical notice of this tenth edition of Horne's *Introduction to the Scriptures*, were it

not for our wish to inform our readers that nearly half of its contents is entirely new, and not written by Dr. Horne, but by two others, Dr. Davidson and Dr. Tregelles. It having been represented to Dr. Horne that his work was very much behind the times, he adopted the wise plan of employing these learned scholars to supply in part what might satisfy the reasonable demands of the clergy and others of the present day. He has thus made his work much more valuable than ever it was before.

Those portions of the work of which Dr. Horne is the author have also been in some measure revised, and have received additional notes containing references to recent writers on the subjects discussed. The third volume, which comprises a condensed account of Biblical geography and antiquities, the sects, the manners and customs, &c. of the Jews, &c. is highly valuable. Some topics have been examined and discussed with greater exactness by the scholars of Germany; but still, on the whole, we regard this volume as a valuable dictionary of Biblical antiquities, viewed as what it professes to be, a compilation from second-hand sources. For nice inquiries into particular subjects, the theologian will resort to other works.

Dr. Horne has retained in this edition the whole of the first volume on the Genuineness and Authority of the Books of the Holy Scriptures. This is by far the least satisfactory portion of the work. For though it contains a condensed statement, derived from standard authors, of those evidences of Divine Revelation on which all would rely, it contains also exaggerated claims for the historical and scientific accuracy of every statement and narrative in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, and brings forward as evidence much that is unsubstantial, and which Paley rejected as irrelevant or unsatisfactory. This result is owing, in part, to the great variety of the writings from which Dr. Horne, without rigid examination, compiled his work. However this may be, Dr. Horne, by attaching equal weight to what is well established and what is very doubtful,—by referring the anxious inquirer to a kind of evidence which on critical examination will sink beneath his feet,—has much impaired the value of this volume. If it were expurgated of nearly one half of its contents, the remainder might be recommended to a doubting inquirer with a much greater chance of his receiving benefit from it. Christianity has evidence on which it may rest as on a rock, against which the gates of hell can never prevail. But the effect of referring the seeker after truth to that which is unsubstantial and irrelevant, is to weaken his confidence in that which is genuine and solid.

The second volume of the work, by Dr. Davidson, Professor of

Biblical Criticism in the Lancaster Independent College, who in former works has given evidence of learning, ability, and candor, comprises a complete Introduction to the Old Testament. It is an illustration of the remarks which we have been making on the first volume, that Dr. Davidson, an orthodox critic, in the part of the work assigned to him, maintains not a few propositions as true, which Dr. Horne in that volume ascribes to *the enemies of Christianity*.

Dr. Davidson in a volume of eleven hundred pages has treated of the textual Criticism of the Old Testament, the sources of criticism, manuscripts, versions, &c., and the proper application of them. He has also given, what is not usually found in Introductions to the Old Testament, a very carefully prepared table of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, as they stand in the Septuagint Greek version, the Greek of the New Testament, and the Hebrew, with an English version annexed to each, with observations. This table, extending over more than sixty pages, will be found very valuable to one inquiring into the subject.

Dr. Davidson's volume includes also a treatise on the principles and rules of Biblical interpretation, containing much that is sound and valuable. But in what he says of types and double senses he seems to us to depart from truth and reason. In fact, he seems himself to be aware that he is here treading on unsafe ground. For he again and again cautions his readers not to carry the doctrine of types and double senses *too far*. But what is *too far*? Dr. Davidson has given no principle or rule of interpretation by which this question is answered. If a sense, acknowledged not to be in the mind of the writer, may be adopted in one passage, why not in another? Why not in *every* passage? No science of hermeneutics can help us to ascertain a meaning which was never in the *writer's* mind, but only in the mind of God. What was kept hidden in the mind of God, God only can make known by a new revelation to the individual mind. This doctrine of types in the technical sense, and double senses, was invented to help the authority of the Scriptures. But it evidently takes away all proper authority from the Scriptures as much as the extremest rationalism. With the exceptions above mentioned, we regard what Dr. Davidson has written on the principles, rules, and helps of interpretation as quite valuable.

Dr. Davidson has also given, in the volume assigned to him, a particular introduction to each book of the Old Testament and of the Apocrypha. In this part of his work he gives evidence that he has read everything, both in English and German, up to the present time, from which he could obtain light. The results

of his inquiries he has stated with evident conscientiousness and candor, and with no small degree of judgment, especially when no dogmatical bias is in the way. In so large a work, embracing so great a variety of subjects, he probably gave his opinion on some of them without much consideration. He sometimes pronounces decisions on important questions, on which he has been stating different opinions, with a sort of amusing judicial gravity, as it were *ex cathedra*. Thus on p. 161, remarking on a quotation from Ps. lxviii. 18 by Paul in Ephes. iv. 8, Dr. Davidson remarks that the Apostle "was *warranted* in changing the words to suit his purpose." We hope the learned Professor will not think it strange if we ask where Paul got his warrant to alter words, quoted with a "wherefore He saith" from the Old Testament, so as to change their meaning in an important point in order to suit his purpose. To our humble apprehension, it is more probable in itself, and more creditable to the Apostle, to suppose that he quoted from memory, and that his memory, perhaps under a bias, made the passage more "to his purpose" than it actually was.

If there is in some cases a bias to the judgment of Dr. Davidson, it is evidently the result of his fears,—of his extremely conservative spirit. Those views in which he departs from what has generally been received by the orthodox in England and in this country, he seems to adopt because he is actually *compelled* to do so by undeniable facts. A feeling of reverence for the past is evidently a hinderance to his arriving at the truth on some subjects. Thus he maintains that Moses was in no proper sense the author or compiler of the first four books of the Pentateuch; but he makes him the author of the fifth, for which, in our humble opinion, there is still less reason than in the case of the other four. The more the subject is examined, the clearer it will be seen that the Divine legation of Moses can be much better maintained on the supposition that the Pentateuch was written, as on internal grounds it appears to have been, in a much later age than that of Moses.

Dr. Davidson has shown his independence by giving the true explanation of the first two chapters of Genesis in connection with modern science. His candid mind would not allow him to descend to the miserable forcing of plain words, and denial of plain statements, which have been resorted to by some of our men of science and some theologians to make out an agreement in all their details between those chapters and the established truths of astronomy and geology. Thus he remarks:—

"It is no disparagement to the credibility of the account, that the writer describes physical phenomena in the popular language of his day respecting them. He speaks of them *optically*, as they appeared

then to an observer, not according to the principles of exact science. It was not his object to unfold scientific truth, but religious doctrine. He was not a natural philosopher, but a religious teacher raised up and qualified of God for the purpose of conveying moral and spiritual ideas to the Jews and to the world at large. Hence great anxiety need not be evinced in reconciling his statements with the conclusions of modern science. Astronomy and geology may be prosecuted by their respective votaries without impugning the record in Genesis, because it was not meant to be a scientific one, conformed to the conclusions of natural science as they were to be developed in future times. The writer used the language of his time *as he shared the ideas then current*, else he would have been unintelligible to those for whom he was prompted to compose his history in the first instance." — p. 577.

Again he says:—

"Sometimes the diction employed respecting natural things is neither scientific nor optical, nor popular in any sense except as involving erroneous conceptions on the part of the people and partaking of them. For example, we read in Prov. iii. 20, 'The clouds drop down the dew.' But it has been well established by the beautiful experiments of Wells, that, so far from clouds distilling the dew, they are unfavorable to its formation. After a cloudy night, little or no dew is seen in the morning; after a cloudless one, especially succeeding a day of heat, dew appears in profusion." — p. 372.

Dr. Davidson's view of revelation and of inspiration makes them entirely independent of the historical or scientific accuracy of those portions of the Scriptures which are not statements of moral and religious truth. On the subject of inspiration his views do not differ materially from those of Coleridge, Tholuck, Jowett, and most Unitarians. On this account we are the more surprised at the opinions which he entertains, as before intimated, on the subject of a double sense.

We have observed that Dr. Davidson has been a most conscientious reader of the writings of others, both in German and English. In relation to this fact, we have been much pleased with the use which he has made of the works of Professor Noyes of Cambridge, in his Introductions to the Books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, and Canticles. From Professor Noyes's Introductions to all these books he has made quotations; and, in other proper ways, especially in the Introduction to Canticles, has made use of his opinions and arguments. He also gives the same view with Professor Noyes of the imprecatory Psalms. In some portions of the Introduction to the Prophets, especially Isaiah and Daniel, our opinions are quite different from those of Dr. Davidson. But in all cases, however different our judgment may be from his, we concede to him great candor and great knowledge of the subject. On the whole, he has done a great

deal in this volume to advance the science of Biblical theology in England and this country. We are extremely sorry to learn that for the freedom with which he has stated the results of his inquiries he has already been called to account in the Orthodox theological seminary of which he is the distinguished Professor. The result of his trial has not yet reached us. It remains to be seen whether the professors in the English seminaries are expected to teach and publish the results of theological investigation to which they are actually driven by facts and principles, or the dogmas which may suit the prejudices and caprices of Mr. John Bull.

The fourth volume of the work under consideration contains an Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament by Dr. Tregelles, and to the particular books of the New Testament by Dr. Horne. With all due respect for the author of the latter, we must express the opinion, that it is still far behind the requirements of the times. On the Gospel of John, for instance, there are questions of which a very different discussion is needed than this work affords. The same is true of several other books of the New Testament. To the English reader we would recommend the Introduction to the New Testament by Dr. Davidson as far preferable.

But of the Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament by Dr. Tregelles, we are happy to speak with the highest praise. In respect to his history of the printed text of the New Testament, the soundness of his views in regard to the principles of textual criticism, the comparative value of documents, the classification of them, and the accuracy and completeness of his accounts of ancient manuscripts, versions, and other means by which the text of the New Testament is to be brought to its true state, we know of no treatise in any language, which is to be compared with this of Dr. Tregelles. It is the fruit of a labor of love of twenty years' duration. If the practical critical sagacity that Dr. Tregelles shall manifest in the edition of the Greek Testament, which he has now in the press, shall be equal to his judgment in estimating the principles and sources of textual criticism, and his industry in examining the ancient documents from which the true text of the New Testament is to be derived, he will accomplish a work that will be an honor to himself and to English theology. But let Dr. Tregelles remember that, when the true text of the New Testament is ascertained, it is of the highest importance that its true meaning and character should be understood and unfolded. And how can this be done if learned and honest professors of theology are denounced and arraigned for publishing the results of their earnest and laborious inquiries, and timeservers placed

in their chairs? Dr. Tregelles would think it hard measure if he should be denounced by Trinitarians for reading $\sigma\tau$ s instead of $\theta\epsilon\sigma$ s in 1 Tim. iii. 16; why then should he denounce his learned and candid Christian brother Davidson?

On the whole, we recommend to all clergymen and students of the Scriptures to obtain this new edition of Horne's Introduction. It can be purchased in Boston for fourteen dollars.

Christian Faith and the Atonement. Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in Reference to the Views published by Mr. Jowett, and others. By E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Rev. T. D. BERNARD, M. A., STEPHEN J. RIGAUD, D. D., the Lord Bishop of Oxford, CHARLES A. HEURTLEY, D. D., E. M. GOULBURN, D. C. L., CHARLES BARING, M. A., FREDERICK MEYRICK, M. A. Oxford. 1856.

THIS volume of Sermons, preached by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Pusey, and six other clergymen invited for the purpose, was designed to counteract the impression which was, or was likely to be, made by the recent Commentary of Professor Jowett on the Epistle to the Romans. The views of the latter in respect to Paul's doctrine of the Atonement appear to have been the chief ground of alarm, and of the array of forces which has been mustered against him. It is certainly a remarkable sign of the times that such an effort in favor of a time-hallowed dogma should have been thought necessary in that strong-hold of Anglican orthodoxy. We should suppose that Christians, who do not look much into theological controversy, must soon get the impression that a doctrine, which requires such an array of forces in its defence against one of the Professors in that ancient seminary, cannot be so essential to salvation as it is often represented to be.

We confess a dislike of controversy on this subject. It is much more agreeable to feel and express our gratitude to God for what his son, Christ Jesus, has done for our spiritual welfare, than to dwell upon the errors which have clustered round his atoning work. But the human mind demands a theology as well as a religion, and he who contributes to free Christianity from a pernicious error is engaged in the cause of humanity as well as he who goes a missionary among savages in its propagation.

Having examined without satisfaction the principal defences of a vicarious atonement which have been produced in this country, our curiosity, perhaps our love of truth, led us to order

the importation of a volume, in which all the learning and talent which could be brought to bear upon the subject in the principal University of England might be expected to be found. We cannot honestly say that we expected much new light in theology from that quarter ; but we thought that we should like to listen to the last plea which might be offered in so interesting a cause in the head-quarters of the English Church.

The first and strongest impression which we have received from these Sermons is that of their feebleness. We can only account for the publication of such a volume against the writings of Professor Jowett on the supposition that the design was not so much to answer him, as to produce an authoritative expression of opinion, which might avail instead of an answer. Hence the quotations from the Fathers, and from distinguished divines of the English Church. We had not got through the volume before the passage of Virgil, which describes the vain contest of old Priam with the son of Achilles at the taking of Troy, was forcibly brought to mind : —

“ Telumque imbelli sine ictu
Conjecit ; rauco quod protinus aere repulsum,
Et summo clypei nequidquam umbone pependit.” *

In making these remarks we feel sure that we are influenced by no dogmatic prejudice. We readily concede, that much abler defences of the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction for sin have been produced by Orthodox theologians in this country. But we cannot help being pleased, as lovers of truth, not only with the ability with which such men as Jowett, Maurice, and others have defended correct views of Christianity, and exposed the errors of a darker age, but with the small amount of argument which has been brought against them by the combined forces of the University of Oxford.

The most elaborate of these Sermons are the first two by Dr. Pusey. Parts of them, which treat of the nature of faith as the gift of God, and as being independent of theories and dogmas, are such as command the assent of all religious men. He says truly, that “ if but for a moment, amid the parting clouds of human opinions, theories, speculations, guesses, reasonings, the soul’s eye catch but one glimpse of that pure azure sky of faith in its serenity, it feels that it has seen something deeper, higher, calmer, clearer, of more piercing beauty, than all which sweeps over it and shrouds it at times from sight.” This is just and beautiful ; but how it requires me to distrust the reason or the moral sense which the Creator has implanted within me, it is not easy to see. And yet the main drift of both the sermons of

* *Aeneid*, II. 545.
27*

Dr. Pusey is to disparage reason. Human reason, in his view, has been so much impaired by the Fall, that it is an incompetent judge of religious truth, and of course of this particular doctrine of Atonement. Dr. Pusey admits that reason under the influence of the spirit of God may be a judge in matters of religion ; and we are disposed to accord as much importance as he does to right and holy dispositions in the investigation of truth. But how but by the exercise of reason can one know that he is under the influence of the spirit of God ? How but by the exercise of reason can Dr. Pusey decide that he is more under the influence of the spirit of God than Mr. Jowett, or the Lord Bishop of Oxford than Mr. Maurice ? How but by the exercise of reason can the students of Oxford decide that any church is under the influence of the spirit of God, or that the Prophets and Apostles and Church Fathers were under his guidance and inspiration, or that Christ himself was the Word of God ? All on which God himself has set his seal we must receive, says Dr. Pusey. And how but by reason can we distinguish the seal of God ? And how but by reason can we find the meaning of what it consecrates ?

Again, Dr. Pusey speaks of the entireness of real faith ; of the danger of discarding any one truth of Divine Revelation ; of the tendency of one error to lead to another. In all this we agree with him exactly. In all revealed truths there is a certain unity ; *commune vinculum habent*. Thus if one discards the great revealed truth of the unpurchased mercy of God, and places his reliance on vicarious satisfaction of any kind, who does not see what a host of superstitions may follow, and has followed, in the train of this one error ? This is a consideration which should be kept in mind by all inquirers after truth. But how it helps Dr. Pusey in relation to Mr. Jowett's views, it is impossible to see. At any rate, Cardinal Wiseman might give him just such a lecture on the points which have been mentioned, as he has given to Mr. Jowett and those who agree with him.

Another of the writers in this volume, Mr. Meyrick, disparages the moral sense as much as Dr. Pusey has disparaged the reason. The evident design of both is to weaken the objections which reason and the moral sense of man have raised against the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction for human guilt. But who does not see in what this doctrine of the distrust of human reason and the moral sense ends ? Who does not see that nothing but the most hopeless scepticism can arise from distrust of the intuitions of our rational and moral powers ? Would it not be well if Dr. Pusey and the Lord Bishop of Oxford should give a little of their attention to the rapid spread of atheism which is alleged to be taking place in Great Britain ? How many converts do they think they can make among the Fourier-

ites, the secularists, the pantheists, and other classes of unbelievers, by telling them that the very foundation principles of their nature, their reason and moral sense, are not to be trusted? Is it to the mere authority of the distracted Church of England that he would exhort them to look as the sole ground of their faith in the very existence of the Creator?

In what relates directly to the subject of the Atonement, in these Sermons, the writers refer for the support of their views to the sacrificial language of the Scriptures with very little philosophical discussion, or even critical exposition. They heap text upon text for the purpose of showing that the Scriptures represent the death of Christ as a sacrifice; not considering that not only Mr. Jowett and Mr. Maurice, but Unitarians without number, have received this representation with cordial assent. The question is, In what sense is Christ represented as a sacrifice? In a literal or a figurative sense? In a real or a symbolical sense? Merely to quote the sacrificial language of the Scriptures, and then *assume* that a Jewish sacrifice denoted vicarious suffering, and also to *assume* that the death of Christ was a literal sacrifice, and therefore was a *vicarious* satisfaction for the sins of mankind, seems to us in this part of the world a poor way of replying to such discussions as are found in the writings of Professor Jowett. So, also, in invoking the authority of the Church Fathers, who would have supposed that they would quote from Clemens Romanus such a passage as this? "Let us look to the blood of Christ, and see that it is precious to God, since, being shed for our salvation, it brought the grace of repentance to the world." Between such passages as this, whether quoted from the Church Fathers or the Scriptures, and the conclusion that the sufferings of our Saviour were *vicarious* in their nature, there is a world-wide chasm. For in the first place, as we have endeavored to demonstrate in a former number of the *Examiner*,* the sacrificed animals of the Jews were never regarded by them as experiencing or representing *vicarious* suffering. And, in the second place, even if the Jewish sacrifices were *symbolical* of vicarious suffering or punishment, and the death of Christ were a literal sacrifice, then it would follow that the sacrifice of Christ was in its nature *symbolical*; that in his sufferings and death our Saviour merely set forth certain ideas, and by no means endured vicarious suffering or punishment in place of that which sinners deserved.

But on questions of this kind there is, as we have intimated, little or no discussion in these Sermons. We do, however, find an occasional side-thrust at some views, which have recently been put forth by a few writers on this side the water. Thus

* For September, 1855.

the attempt to exalt the value of the sufferings of Christ by maintaining that the Divine nature suffered in his trials and death, thus representing the Deity as a *passible* being, is severely condemned as a revival of the *Eutychian* heresy.

The Oxford preachers also exclude that view of the Atonement which has been adopted by some Calvinistic theologians in this country, namely, that it was effected by the life, the obedience, the humiliation, as well as the death of Jesus. On the contrary, they dwell with painful iteration on his blood, his wounds, his death. One receives the impression from their representations, that the principal difference between their religious views and those of the Jews in relation to the Atonement is, that the latter trusted to the sacrifice of a brute animal, while they trust to a physical human sacrifice, the sacrifice of a holy man. No doubt they would make their explanations and their qualifications in regard to such an imputation. But such is the impression which their representations are adapted to make on an unsophisticated mind. On the whole, therefore, we are satisfied that whatever members of the University of Oxford find an interest in looking into the writings of Professor Jowett and those which the dignitaries of the Church have put forth to counteract them, must receive a salutary impression in favor of pure Christianity.

Autobiography of PETER CARTWRIGHT, the Backwoods Preacher.

Edited by W. P. STRICKLAND. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1857. 16mo. pp. 525.

PETER CARTWRIGHT is a perfect type of the early itinerant preachers of the West, — men rough, uncultivated, and full of prejudices, but shrewd, earnest, and devoted, vigorous in body, fearless in language, and energetic in action. They knew nothing outside of Methodism and that knowledge which comes from daily contact with a rough population amidst the hardships of border life; but they were admirably adapted to the work before them. Entirely uneducated themselves, they spoke with power to uneducated men and women; and their sermons and exhortations were always level to the comprehension of their hearers. With a library comprising only the Bible, a Hymn-Book, and the Church Discipline, and with a salary often not exceeding forty dollars a year, and seldom reaching eighty dollars (the limit established by the Church), the early Methodist preacher travelled long journeys upon horseback, slept under the open sky with his horse's bridle in his hand, swam across swollen rivers, brought up a large family, preached to a little congregation in a log-cabin, bearing his emphatic testimony against slavery, dram-drinking, gambling, dancing, and profanity, and ex-

hibited at all times an energy and perseverance worthy of the best days of the Jesuit missionaries. When such a man looks back over fifty years of itinerant life, counts up the multitudes of "shining and shouting Christians" whom he has added to the Church militant, and recalls to mind his many conflicts with Baptists, Universalists, New Lights, rowdies, and Evangelical missionaries from the Eastern States, "where they manufacture young preachers like they do lettuce in hot-houses," it is easy to see how "confoundingly miraculous" it must be to him "that our modern preachers cannot preach better, and do more good than they do." For to such a person the whole theory of a religious life is based upon a daily experience in a state of society entirely different from that which now exists, and in a condition of the country which cannot be repeated. To such a person it is the best evidence of a renewed heart when a man "raises the shout," and, whether in solitude or in the congregation, "shouts forth the high praises of God." To such a person, who has been accustomed to see men, when they were "powerfully converted," "fall like dead men," it must be very difficult to understand why similar results should not now follow similar efforts. He fails to see that different states of society must be dealt with in different ways. Because the natural eloquence of uneducated men moved and quickened great bodies of men as uneducated as they were themselves, it does not follow that an educated community must be saved, if at all, by an uneducated ministry. Highly educated scholars could have done little or nothing with the pioneers of the West. Peter Cartwright, James Axley, and their associates, could have done no more with our Eastern congregations. The men and the time were just fitted to each other. And this explains the wonderful success of these early preachers in awakening the consciences of their hearers.

This Autobiography is valuable as a picture of early Western life, and as portraying the character and adventures of the most conspicuous of these preachers, a man as famous among them as Mike Fink was among the boatmen. Cartwright has no skill as a writer, and his style would bring little credit upon a schoolboy; but his book is crowded with the most laughable stories and incidents, and we have reason to believe that it is a faithful narrative of his life. He was born in Virginia on the 1st of September, 1785. At an early age his father removed to Logan County in Kentucky, where they "built a little church and called it *Ebenezer*." When in his sixteenth year "the Lord gave him religion"; and two years later he began to travel as an itinerant preacher. In 1806 he was regularly ordained as a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church by the celebrated Bishop Asbury; and in 1808 he married and was ordained an

elder. After laboring for twenty years, principally in Kentucky and Tennessee, he removed to Illinois, where he still resides and is still engaged in the duties of an itinerant preacher. "Forty-eight years ago," he says, "I was appointed presiding elder by Bishop Asbury; and, with the exception of a few years, have been presiding elder up to this time, and am perhaps the oldest presiding elder in the Western country. I have seen fifty-three sessions of annual conferences, and never missed but one. I have been elected to eleven General Conferences, from 1816 to 1856." During this protracted ministry he has received ten thousand persons into the Church, has baptized eight thousand children and four thousand adults, and has preached fourteen thousand and six hundred sermons, or an average of four hundred times a year for the first twenty years, and two hundred times a year for the last thirty-three years.

In his early life he was a person of great physical endurance, and he has always been fertile in expedients, bold in his denunciations of sin, afraid of nobody, and equally ready for an argument or a fight. We have repeated illustrations of his tact in adapting his arguments to the capacity of his hearers, and of his boldness in punishing any disorderly conduct at a camp-meeting or in the church. Upon at least two occasions he overwhelmed his Baptist opponents who had argued against the Scriptural warrant for infant baptism by propounding two questions: "Do you believe that all children are saved, and that there is not one infant in hell?" "Certainly I do," was the reply. "Well, if there are no children in hell, and all children dying in minority go to heaven, is not that Church that has no children in it more like hell than heaven?" This question was not answered. At a camp-meeting in 1813 a scarcely less characteristic incident occurred. A young man had occasioned some trouble by his disorderly conduct, and at length Cartwright "reproved him personally and sharply, and said, 'I mean that young man there, standing on the seats of the ladies, with a ruffled shirt on.' And added, 'I doubt not that ruffled shirt was borrowed.'" The young man was greatly incensed, and threatened to whip the preacher. Upon this Cartwright went up to him and said, "We will not disturb the congregation fighting here; but let us go out into the woods, for if I am to be whipped I want it over, for I do not like to live in dread." They accordingly started for the woods, but they had not proceeded far when an involuntary motion of Cartwright's hand to his side so alarmed the rowdy that he took flight, under the supposition that the preacher was feeling for a dirk and intended to stab him. Cartwright started in pursuit, but did not overtake the fugitive, who was subsequently ducked in a pond by the other rowdies. Cartwright's reflections on this adventure are curious

and worth quoting. "It may be asked," he says, "what I would have done if this fellow had gone with me to the woods? This is hard to answer, for it was a part of my creed to love everybody, but to fear no one; and I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me till it was tried; and I did not permit myself to premeditate expedients in such cases. I should no doubt have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then followed the openings of Providence." A few years later an incident occurred in Nashville, which still further illustrates his extreme boldness of speech. He was preaching in a crowded church when General Jackson came in and stood near the middle of the church. A city minister who was in the pulpit immediately announced the fact to Cartwright in a loud whisper. "I felt a flash of indignation," he tells us, "run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'" The whole congregation smiled or laughed, and the city minister held down his head. After the services were concluded, he remonstrated with Cartwright. "You are the strangest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city." "Very clear of it," was the reply, "for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, 'There is two as can play at that game.'"

With all his boldness, shrewdness, and knowledge of men, it is clear that Cartwright is a person of extremely narrow views, scarcely ever looking beyond the borders of his own Church. His reference to the "trash-traps" of other denominations, and to the seceders from the Methodist Church, are generally marked by bitterness and contempt. Referring to the Universalists, he says, "Neither the Devil nor any of his preachers have ever been able, from that day to this, seriously to tempt me to believe the *blasphemous doctrine*." Speaking of the attempt of some of the ministers of the Methodist Church, South, to strike out the rule interdicting the slave-trade, he says, "I should not be greatly surprised if, in a few years, this rule goes by the board, and some of these slavery-loving preachers are engaged in importing them by thousands into this land of the free and home of the brave." Elsewhere, speaking of his own Church, he exclaims, "Lord save the Church from desiring to have pews, choirs, organs, or instrumental music, and a congregational ministry, like other heathen churches around them!" Once more, in noticing the opposition of the Abolitionists to the Colonization Society, he says, "It really seemed to me that, if they could not effect an immediate emancipation, and a restoration of

the people of color to equal rights and privileges with the whites, they did not care what became of them." But whatever defects we may note in Cartwright's character, however narrow in his views, and mistaken in his theological opinions, it is certain that his preaching has effected much good, and his name should be held in honor by those who have profited by his labors.

Biographical Essays. — Essays, Biographical and Critical; or Studies of Character. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 475.

It is with some hesitation that we take critical notice of this volume, since several of the essays comprised in it were first published on our own pages. But we are unwilling that this circumstance, though it imposes a necessary reserve in regard to a part of the volume, should altogether prevent us from recognizing its merits as a whole. With this reservation in respect to that portion of which it would be improper for us to express an opinion, we proceed at once to the discharge of a very agreeable duty. The volume contains thirty papers belonging rather to the department of criticism than to that of biography. Most of them present us with few facts and incidents in the lives of which they treat. But all are properly designated as studies of character. Assuming a degree of familiarity on the part of his readers with the principal events connected with the subjects of his essays, Mr. Tuckerman considers them as representative personages, and, passing beneath the surface of things, attempts to lay bare the springs of their conduct, and to portray their characters rather than their lives. To this task he brings a ripe and various culture, an intimate acquaintance with our best literature, much practice as a writer, generous sympathies, and considerable analytical power. His habits of reflection have been judiciously cultivated ; and the books which he has read have been thoroughly digested before they passed into the substance of his intellect. His style is chaste, harmonious, and elegant, and is formed more upon the model of the Addisonian school than upon that of the Elizabethan writers. It is strictly idiomatic, avoiding all excesses of diction, and is singularly free from that obscure and barbarous phraseology which Mr. Carlyle and his imitators have imported from Germany. Its illustrations are drawn both from nature and books, and are often marked by great beauty. The narrative passages are excellent specimens of graceful and lucid statement, and awaken a regret that they are not more numerous.

The wide range of subjects embraced in this volume shows at once the catholicity Mr. Tuckerman's taste and the breadth of

his culture. Consider for a moment how various, and in many respects how unlike, are the persons of whom he speaks. Bishop Berkeley, Lord Chesterfield, Daniel Boone, Robert Southey, Roger Williams, Jenny Lind, Silvio Pellico, and Gouverneur Morris, as exhibiting the Christian philosopher, the man of the world, the pioneer, the man of letters, the tolerant colonist, the Italian martyr, and the American statesman, are among the portraits which he hangs up before us; and these are taken almost at random from the gallery. In all we find evidences of a wise and humane philosophy, candor and judgment in the discrimination of character, and a genuine appreciation of his subject, and all are enriched by the best fruits of long and careful study. Just principles of taste have guided him in the choice of his themes, and have presided over his treatment of them. Nor will the reader often dissent from the critical opinions of the author.

Doré. By a Stroller in Europe. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 386.

THIS volume has been much overpraised in the notices of the newspapers. Its style is dashing and sprightly, but its substance is thin, its generalizations are superficial, and its statements are not always accurate. It imitates the favorite manner of Parisian journalists, both in the grossness of its allusions and in the random and rattling delivery of oracular opinions. The talk about the Bible and the Sabbath, half-pietistic, sounds strangely in connection with descriptions of "masked balls," "bonnes," and "lorettes." The chapter on "Fillibusters," in which Bible phraseology is borrowed to set forth the prosperity and the wickedness of "Brother Jonathan," is disgusting. The title "Doré" is meaningless and superfluous, where so little is done to show the hollowness and the tinsel of European life. The writer's patriotism is equally flippant and rampant, ventilating itself in flings at England, in sweeping assertions of the superiority of American institutions and manners, and in most lame apologies for American slavery. "In the year 2056," says this philosopher, "the world will say that the greatest blessing that ever happened to Africa was the slavery of a portion of her people in the United States." "The greatest measure of human trouble that the blacks can feel," he remarks, "is the pain of a whipping, which the majority of you have never felt even." Auction sales, separation of families, denial of the dearest human rights, all go for nothing with this humane observer. To our information concerning the cities and the people of Europe this book adds absolutely nothing of value. What it says about

the contrast between Catholic and Protestant is only the old story, which may now be left to subside, since it has been worn threadbare. Hotels, passports, and custom-houses have become rather tiresome topics. Some novel facts are stated, indeed, such as *the entire disuse of feather-beds on the Continent*,—agreeable news to those travellers who have been favored in former years with a double share of that “barbidity,”—and the utter *absence of beer* from the dinner-tables of Germany, which makes many memories of dinners in Munich a matter of history. Our stroller occasionally ventures upon a painful pun, as where he makes the German word “Wurst” suggest the adjective “worst,” and speaks, in one of the gorges of Switzerland, of the “frightful precipass.” A slip of the pen, no doubt, twice sets the village of Bex, and the road above it, in the valley of the “Upper Rhine”! The best things in the volume are the sketches of out-door life in Paris, which are done with spirit, and the amusing extracts from the funny libels of D'Alembert, Leon Beauvallet, and Marie Fontenay upon America and the Americans. The observations of Doré upon Europe and its affairs are similar in more than one respect to the observations of these writers upon America.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. Little, Brown, & Co. have now completed the publication of their series of “The British Essayists.” The last volume—the thirty-eighth—is occupied with a General Index of Subjects and Topics, sufficiently copious to answer all the purposes of reference to the contents of the papers included in the series. The Historical and Biographical Prefaces to the separate collections embraced in the series are from the careful pen of Mr. Chalmers. Here then we have the following works: *The Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, *World*, *Connoisseur*, *Idler*, *Mirror*, *Lounger*, *Observer*, and *Looker-on*. The judgment of the most competent and respected literary authority has been passed upon these works, and has decided that they are eminently worthy of being kept in constant use. True, a large heap of fresher literature has been piled over them. But the new edition before us will help to reassert for them their claim to a renewed vitality. The size of the books adapts them to use at home or abroad. The fragmentary character of their contents will give them a claim upon broken intervals of time that would otherwise be sacrificed. We regard it as one of the best uses of such essays, that the perusal of them quickens the activity of a reader's mind, and leads him to seek for fuller information upon some subjects on which a transient allusion makes him desirous to learn more.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have undertaken an enterprise which we

have no doubt, under their energy and good taste, will prove eminently successful. They propose to publish a Household Edition of the *Waverley Novels*. A specimen of the style and intended appearance of the volumes is before us, and it fully meets our ideal of what is desirable in the case. The new type, designed to reconcile the two desiderata of clearness and closeness, and the fair, strong paper, the newly-engraved steel-plates, many of them being from new designs, and the size of the volumes, combine to give to the enterprise an attraction for readers which augurs a suitable reward for the publishers.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Cambridge, December 6, 1856, aged 76, the Hon. SIDNEY WILLARD.

This excellent man, who through a long life performed faithfully a great amount of public service, deserves a memorial from us. We cannot meet the conditions of this grateful tribute in any more appropriate way than by giving the following extract from a discourse by his pastor, Rev. Dr. Newell, which has been kindly furnished at our request.

"The departed brother to whom I allude — who has just been borne to his Mount Auburn grave, followed by the respect and esteem of this community and a wide circle of friends and pupils of former days, who appreciated his high worth — has been so long and so intimately associated with the town and the University, as well as this church, in which, until disabled at times by distance and growing infirmity, he was so constant a worshipper in the sanctuary and at the communion table, — he was so universally respected and esteemed, — he was so honored and dear to myself, — I have, during my ministry, with which he has been connected almost from the beginning, derived in many ways so much satisfaction and encouragement from my personal and pastoral intercourse with him, — I have been so happy in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his confidence and friendship, — that I should do injustice alike to your feelings and my own, if I suffered him to be borne away in cold silence to the city of the dead. Those who met at his funeral and stood around his snow-whitened grave were but the representatives of a multitude who went in spirit to his burial and pronounced his eulogy in their hearts. He left a world full of friends ; — it seemed hardly possible that he could have an enemy : — so pure, so honorable, so meek and gentle, so courteous and considerate, so indulgent to the weakness of others, so ready to admit his own, so kindly and so thoroughly good-tempered, both by nature and by grace, so wholly and evidently free from all pride, jealousy, self-seeking, and low ambition, from all art and cunning, from all pettiness of feeling. He was a true-hearted, high-minded, whole-souled man ; — a servant of the Lord Jesus in deed as well as in name, and one who adorned the faith which he professed, and honored the doctrine which he had studied and received, not only by the word which he sometimes preached, but by the life which he always lived.

"Dwelling from infancy in a literary atmosphere, his father, Rev. Joseph Willard, being President of the College, as his ancestor, Rev. Samuel Willard, the son of one of the first settlers of Cambridge, had been before him, he was early imbued with scholarly tastes and habits, became a graduate of Harvard, and a student of divinity, was College Librarian for five years, and then for twenty-five years Hancock Pro-

fessor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages,— and thus for the greater portion of his life was intimately connected with the University in this place. After resigning his professorship, he was engaged in various departments of literary labor, and was called to various offices of civil authority and trust. He carried to them all the same fidelity of purpose, the same high sense of honor, the same consideration and kindness of feeling. And in every new situation, notwithstanding his great native diffidence, he acquitted himself ably and honorably. He had not, it is true, the impulsive energy and enthusiasm of temperament which special emergencies sometimes demand, but he was one of the calm, steady workers, who, in their place, are as necessary to the world's varied needs. His gifts were not of the shining sort; but he had something better than brilliancy of genius or the magic of an eloquent tongue,— he had those golden qualities of character which weigh more with God than the treasures of the whole world,— those precious, though quiet, undazzling virtues, which made him ‘a man of the Beatitudes’; one of those whom Christ had in his view when, as he sat on the mount, he pronounced the blessings of his kingdom on the meek, the merciful, the lowly, the pure in heart, the lovers and the makers of peace. His life was marked by an irreproachable integrity. There is no stain or speck on its white robe. It was governed and guided by the golden rule. He was a man of the truest benevolence and kindness, disinterested and self-sacrificing, ever ready to do good where good could be done. Under that grave, quiet, apparently unmoved aspect, there beat a warm heart, full of generous impulses, alive to all the claims of humanity, friendship, and domestic love. He crowned all with a deep, unostentatious piety. His religion was not a dress-religion, a religion merely for outside show, or Sunday wear, but for every-day use in the house, as well as in the street, and for the eye of Him that seeth in secret, not for man's notice and praise. It manifested itself ‘in patient continuance in well-doing’; in the quiet performance of all the duties of a righteous, godly, and useful life. The saint-like meekness and fortitude, the cheerfulness and trust, with which he met trial, the delicacy, tenderness, and depth of his feelings, the purity and disinterestedness of his character, are best known to those who knew him most intimately. And they only can fully appreciate his true worth.

“The life of a good man, like him, gives out a blessing in all directions. And when he has passed away, its mild influence does not wholly vanish from the earth. His *memory* remains to comfort, to guide, and to bless those who knew and loved him. His death, sudden at the last, though not unexpected, was but a removal from incurable infirmity, the flight of the soul to Heaven, the moment of reunion with the loved spirits who had gone before him. Forgetting our own loss in his happiness, should we not rather thank God for an event which is as necessary to the happiness and progress of the soul as night and its slumbers to the health of the body? There is something very beautiful and touching in the Scripture phrase, which came to my mind as I gazed on the countenance of my beloved and venerable friend in its serene stillness, ‘*He fell asleep*’; representing death in its gentler aspect, and hinting that it is only a temporary and apparent suspension of the faculties, not an extinction of being; that there is a bright morning to come, in which the soul, awakened from the slumber of the grave, will spring up with renewed power, fresh for God’s service, in the sunshine of an eternal day.”